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REALMAH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRIENDS IN COUNCIL."

CHAPTER IV.

DR. JOHNSON used to say, that a concern for public affairs never took away any man's appetite for dinner. He was certainly wrong, for poor Mr. Milverton has been in the most depressed state lately; and I think his dinners have been seriously affected by the impending war in Europe.

When next we met, it happened to be a wet day; and we agreed that we would have our reading in the library. All about the library were strewn maps of the probable seat of war, showing what had been Mr. Milverton's recent objects of study. Just after we had met, Mr. Milverton rushed into the house, and begged us all to come into the garden to see something. We all came at once. He seldom notices natural phenomena; or, if he does notice them, he does not talk about them, which made us come more readily. He brought us in a minute or two to a spot where there was a pitched battle going on between an army of red and an army of black ants. What surprised me was this: I had always understood, from books on natural history, that the red ants were much stronger than the black ants, but in this case the little black fellows fought admirably; and,

while we remained, I could not foresee on which side the victory would be.

We re-entered the house, and went into the library, where the ladies joined us.

Ellesmere. There is one advantage of a wet day—namely, that we do not have our meetings in that stupid summer-house. There one sits up, very uncomfortably, on a hard board, leaning against some out-jutting piece of rustic abomination, which is meant to be very picturesque, and which certainly does possess that element of the picturesque which consists in ruin and decay. The whole thing partakes of the nature of a picnic; and pic-nics are my abhorrence. A meal is too serious a thing to be treated in that light manner.

Lady Ellesmere. What a hard, sensual man you are!

Ellesmere. Oh, yes! women like these foolish things, it gives them an opportunity for fuss and bustle; and, after all, they are sure to forget the salt, or the vinegar, or something or other which is an essential element to human happiness during dinner-time.

Mauleverer. I am quite of Sir John's opinion. No sensible man, after he has attained the age of twenty-two—if he is not in love—cares about pic-nics.

Ellesmere. You look very miserable, Milverton. I know what is worrying you. What is the good of fretting about these turbulent and foolish people? If they will go to war, they must; and I suppose it is necessary, for some good end or other, that they should do so.

Milverton. I cannot get over it. War horrifies me. On all sides, loss, destruction, waste, turmoil, cruelty, sickness, horses slain, olive-trees cut down, bridges blown up, roads obliterated.

Ellesmere. Don't go on. We know all that. It needs no ghost to tell us that.

Milverton. Yes: but there is something you do not know. There is not only the active mischief of war, but all the preparation for war, which is perhaps the greater evil, in the long run, of the two. Did it ever enter into your mind to consider what an unproductive creature a soldier is, and what an immense difference it makes to the welfare of the human race, whether you have all these stalwart men employed in producing, or in merely consuming and destroying?

Ellesmere. Yes: now you talk like a sound political economist and sensible man.

Milverton. Then, you know, it does thoroughly dishearten one to find that Christianity, during all these years, has been able to do so little towards the prevention of war. Nobody seems to see the beauty of renunciation. Nobody seems to see the merit of being content to be second or third instead of first in the great game of life. But I am unjust: private persons do sometimes see this beauty and this merit. I do believe that the first impulses of jealousy, of revenge, and of injustice, are constantly restrained by Christianity in the breasts of private individuals; but in nations never. Honour! glory! rights! claims! balance of power! these are the words which still dominate nations. Statesmen are like lawyers, who often give their clients advice which is harsh and self-seeking, telling them never to give up their rights and their claims—advice which, if the case were their own, they would not give themselves—being more generous, as they think it right to be, for themselves, than for their clients.

Ellesmere. Yes: we lawyers are very good people: it is our clients who make us wicked, whenever we are wicked; which is very rarely.

Mauleverer. Man is meant to be miserable, and he always will be.

Ellesmere. I do not see that. Paley's argument is better than yours; but people who are fond of fishing are always wiser than other men. As Paley justly says, "Teeth were made to eat with, and not to ache." If we injudiciously contrive to make our teeth ache, it is our own fault; and the same thing applies to all our conduct. I have just as good a right to say that men were meant to be happy, as that men were meant to be miserable, Mr.

Mauleverer. But do not let us interrupt Milverton: he will not be endurable until he has had his full moan over the present state of European affairs; which, however, are enough to make anybody moan.

Milverton. There is one point connected with this matter that I often blame myself for not having spoken about. It is the use that we Britishers make of our capital. How we send it out to the most distant regions, often to be used against ourselves, and indeed against the dearest and best interests of mankind. I think that upon this subject—to speak without arrogance—I am really an authority. I was the last surviving commissioner of foreign claims,—that means, of the claims of British subjects against foreign nations for injuries done in the wars that were closed by Waterloo. It may appear strange to you that I should ever have held such an office, for I am not yet, I trust, a very aged individual; but there were several commissions before I was appointed, and the commissioners died out, leaving us the last set to wind up the affairs. I had, of course, to look into all the old papers; and I found that there was no form of confiscation which had not been adopted with regard to British property. For instance, a foreign merchant owed a British merchant money: in his books it was a book-debt. The Government of the country said, "Pay us that debt which, according to your books, you owe the Englishman, and we will give you a receipt, so that you cannot be molested for the debt in any of our courts."

Well, then I will pursue the subject further. Is it not lamentable that, with the fields of England not half tilled, with the poor people of England not half housed, with every branch of industry that England possesses requiring capital, we should ever send our money out to be invested in Congo Fives or Timbuctoo Seven per Cents., or whatever other tempting but foolish investment is offered to us by some distant country or colony? I believe I should have fulfilled my part in the world, if I had only persuaded my fellow-countrymen never to invest in anything which they cannot go and see, and respecting which their own laws give them a remedy, if any wrong is done them. I know it is of no use attempting by any legislative measures to prevent the efflux of capital. It is only to be done by persuasion; but, really, if men would only look to their own interests, they would be very shy of foreign investments. Now, I would ask the question, Has any man ever invested, twenty or thirty years ago, in land on British soil, and has not that investment increased at least forty per cent. in value?

However, I have said my say upon this subject, and you may believe me, or not; but I am quite sure that the increased interest never balances the increased danger which is to be found in making foreign investments.

Sir Arthur. To return to the main question of war, you cannot say, Milverton, that we have not gained a great deal of wisdom upon this point—that we are not wiser than other nations as regards it—for we have come to the conclusion that extension of territory is nearly always bought at too high a price.

Ellesmere. This has arisen from our insular position. You must not give us great credit for being wiser than any other nation.

Milverton. There you are unjust. I would not exactly say that we are wiser than other nations; but I do honestly think that we are more conscientious. There is no doubt we are a very warlike nation, and that the great bulk of every people delight in war: but we have come to the conclusion that it is a very dangerous thing for our future welfare—I mean not temporal, but eternal welfare—to indulge in any war that is not a war of defence or a war of protection to some oppressed people. I think that the religious movement which commenced in the latter part of the last century and the beginning of this—of which Wilberforce may be chosen as a representative—had a great effect upon the minds of the British people. It cancelled slavery; it improved our criminal code; it made all men, even statesmen, obliged to refer their conduct to the highest religious principles; and, you may depend upon it, it has proved a great check upon our naturally warlike instincts. This is what I think foreign nations do not understand, when they contemplate our sedulous observance of neutrality. They think it is shopkeeping which restrains us, whereas it is a fear of violating the highest moral and religious principles. I may be mistaken; but I sincerely believe what I say.

Only let some foreign nation attack us, and see what Berserkers we should become. I do not believe that the fighting element has gone out of us, but only that we are terribly afraid of fighting, except upon some thoroughly good cause—some cause which we believe would be approved of in heaven, as well as upon earth.

Sir Arthur. I am entirely in accordance with Mr. Milverton.

Maulerercer. I am not. Did you ever know the bulk of any nation ruled by any great, or humane, or religious principle?

Ellesmere. I think you all go too far in your respective theories. I think that, partly from a view of their interests, partly perhaps from religious principles, partly perhaps from their just contempt of the frivolous causes which often provoke war, the British people have come to a conclusion against it; but I am not inclined to give all the weight that Milverton does to Wilberforce, and the Wilberforcians of the last generation.

Milverton. At any rate, Ellesmere, you perceive the great change that has taken place in the minds of the British people about war.

Ellesmere. Well, there is a great change in the French people; and to whom is this due?

Sir Arthur. The French people have received great lessons in political wisdom. Count Daru, I believe, told them that he had made calculations, by which it appeared that the height of men in France had been lowered one inch and a half, or two inches, by the wars of the first Napoleon. You see how this happens; the taller men are perpetually chosen for war, and are carried off to be slaughtered before they have produced any progeny.

Ellesmere. And you think that the arguments to be derived from such facts as these have any weight against "national glory, national honour, and rectification of frontiers?"

Milverton. I do. Besides, the French are the most industrious people in Europe, and they love to see the fruits of their industry. I may be sanguine, but I believe that the French are rapidly entering upon the same platform as ourselves; and that, if our statesmen manage well, we might yet have them nearly always on our side for the maintenance of the peace of Europe.

Ellesmere. Well, we have had enough of foreign politics: let us go to the men who, untold years ago, dwelt upon the Swiss lakes. I will bet anything Milverton makes them talk and think as if they were profound political economists of the present day; and if Realnah does not talk to these fishy men much as Milverton would talk to us, my name is not John Ellesmere.

Milverton. I can only tell you what I know to have occurred. I may use modern terms, and sometimes modern modes of thought in speaking of the lake-men; but what I know is, that I shall give a most true account of the thoughts and doings of the great Realnah.

Hereupon the reading commenced, and was as follows.

THE STORY OF REALMAH.

CHAP. III.

THE TWO WIVES.

At the time when this story commenced, Realmah had already received the two wives who were bestowed upon a man of his rank by the laws of the nation.

The cousin-wife, the Varnah, as she was called, was a plain young woman, possessing sundry good qualities as a housewife. She was regular, punctual, methodical, and a great lover of possessions, not from avarice, but from a desire to have many things to furbish up, and to put in their right places. The heads of Realmah's tribe had given her to Realmah with a kindly wish to compensate in some measure for his infirmities. He would never be able to acquire much property, they thought; but whatever he did acquire would be taken care of, and made the most of, by his Varnah.

The alphabet-wife (the Ainah) was one of those girls whose personal appearance it is so difficult to describe, because there are no general terms which can be applied to it. She was neither beautiful, nor handsome, nor pretty; nor was she even what is called interesting-looking. In truth, her whole appearance was at first sight rather insignificant, and nobody would have turned to look at her as she passed them. Yet she was worth looking at, if looked at with a loving attention. Her small features were full of subtle mobility, and readily expressed the swift change of her thoughts. Her hair was a reddish brown, not unbeautiful; her deep-set eyes, of a dark blue colour, were really very expressive when you came to look into them; and there was an air of great resolve about her well-formed lips. She was one of those people in whom dress and distinction of any kind make such a difference. If she had been a little princess, one could have made something of her. But she never was well dressed; and, as to distinction of any kind, she had none.

The poor Ainah had never been taught those graceful movements which were carefully cultivated from their earliest youth by the girls of the higher class of the Shevirri.

And then, again, her hands and feet were by no means small.

I wish I could in honesty speak more favourably of the personal appearance of the Ainah; but, to tell the truth, it was unmistakeably plebeian. She had sprung from one of the lowest tribes of the nation—namely, that of the fishermen. After the manner of her tribe, she pronounced some of the commonest words quite wrongly. *Louwarah* (house) she made into *luffee*; *darumid* (people) into *roomee*; *volata* (provisions) into *vlatee*; with a hundred other gross errors of language. Realmah was well skilled in his language; and the poor Ainah never uttered a sentence in which she did not sorely shock his sensitive ears. Yet, in reality as Realmah was the most thoughtful man of his nation, so his Ainah was the girl of the largest mind and nature in that town. This was totally unknown to him; and he had received her as he would have received any other chattel assigned to him by the laws of his country. It was not in his nature to be unkind to any one; but such an idea as that of loving his Ainah never entered his mind, and would have been received by him from any one else with a smile of derision.

It was on the morning succeeding the night during which Realmah had uttered the soliloquy mentioned in the first chapter, that the young man entered his abode, and began talking with his two wives—not with a hope of gaining any ideas from them, or with much care for their sympathy, but from a natural wish to talk out his own ideas to somebody—to give them, as it were, shape by utterance.

"Have you seen the ambassador from the Phelatahs?" said Realmah.

"Yes," replied the wives.

"And what do you think of him?"

"He is beautifully dressed," said the Varnah, "and his presents are of the

first quality. He has given us a vase with heads all round it, and serpents crawling up it, which meet, and together form the handles: it is quite a treasure."

It may here be remarked that all the nations of the lake excelled in pottery. It was not that they understood the art of burning; but individual thought and skill were thrown into each article, and the variety and strangeness of the designs compensated in great measure for the want of knowledge shown in completing the processes of manufacture.

"Yes, yes," said Realmah, somewhat peevishly, "the presents that will return to the giver hereafter as spoil, may well be handsome; but what do you think of the man himself? For my part," he exclaimed with vehemence, "I believe him to be false as the hooded adder."

"When did you get truth from any of his nation?" replied the Varnah. (This was the general opinion of the Phelatahs entertained by the Sheviri, and was the correct common-place for the Varnah to utter.)

"I do not mind that," replied Realmah; "what I want to know is, whether the story which this man brings us is a mere pretext or not. Is our nation to be the slave, and not the ally?"

By the way, Realmah, in his lordly indifference, had never told his wives what was the pretext upon which the ambassador had come.

"And what do you think, Ainah?"

"I noted him well," she answered. "He looks straight into people's eyes, because it is the habit of honest men to do so, and he knows it is the way to gain credit; but I could see that it gave him pain, and that it was a great effort."

Realmah, who had been looking down upon the ground, lost in meditation, suddenly raised his eyes, and gazed with astonishment at the Ainah.

"And who told you to observe this?" he said.

"My heart," she answered.

"Pray do not say *phonee*, my good Ainah." (That was the word amongst the fishermen for 'heart.') "Why turn

everything into that foolish *ee*? Cannot you say *phonata*?"

"*Phonata*, then," said the Ainah, timidly, with the tears rising to her eyes.

"Any one that has got eyes with any power of insight, even the women can see it," muttered Realmah; "but our elders, though they have the wisdom and experience of grey hairs, cannot. I must, at all risks, force my suspicions upon them."

"Do not go now," said the Varnah. "You must come and see my bridal room, which the dear little Ainah" (she really loved the Ainah, because the girl was so useful and unselfish) "has helped me to decorate."

Realmah, who, like most great men, was essentially good-natured, consented to follow the Varnah to the bridal room. She led the way, expecting a burst of applause from him. The Ainah followed; and as she followed, sighed.

There is no knowing how many thousands of years have passed since those three human beings walked into that bridal room; but, ancient as the time was, that sigh which tells so much about a wounded heart was still more ancient, and had not been unknown even in the primeval Paradise.

Realmah walked about the bridal room, and did his best to appear pleased with the clay vases, the various ornaments formed of feathers, the flint and bronze weapons, and the woven hangings; but his mind was in the assembly of his chiefs, composing a speech which should be endured even from a young man, which should rouse suspicion, and compel a clear and decided course of action.

Suddenly he exclaimed, "If this is truth, then are the ways of falsehood much maligned; if this is policy, then are the ways of children politic; if this is the prudence of great chieftains, then are great chieftains little removed from ordinary men; if this is statesmanship, then are statesmen blind alike to the history of the past, and to the just forecasting of the future."

Saying which, Realmah made two pro-

found bows, one to his Varnah, and the other to the Aintah (for that was high courtesy according to the customs of his nation), and rushed from the bridal chamber into the open air. His wives looked after him amazed. As the hangings closed behind him, the Varnah said, "Poor Realmah! we should live but meanly if it depended on him to provide for us. But let us look again over all our presents." The Varnah was very skilful in obtaining presents, and had laid all her relations under strict contribution. With her father she was an especial favourite. Ever since the death of his last wife, she had made the old chief very comfortable; and it was with the greatest reluctance, and only from a strong sense of duty, that he had given her up to Realmah. The wonderful flint knives, and many of the bronze ornaments that adorned the Varnah's bridal-room, had belonged to the old chief; but, as the Varnah judiciously observed, why could he not glory over them as well in his daughter's house as in his own? And the old chief did come frequently to his daughter's house, and was always kindly treated by the Varnah, for she was not like one of King Lear's daughters, but loved her father and her kindred. Only where she was, the property must also be, that it might be duly cared for, and kept in order.

The Aintah sighed again, and she also said "Poor Realmah!" and only God could know what depths of tenderness, sympathy, appreciation, and hopelessness were contained in those two words; for the Aintah was well aware that she was but the slave of a great man—and nothing more than the slave.

Meanwhile Realmah bent his steps slowly and thoughtfully towards the great council-chamber, where, under the presidency of his uncle, the chief of the East, the assembled chiefs and their principal councillors were considering what answer should be given to the ambassador of the Phelatahs.

CHAP. IV.

THE COUNCIL.

THE chiefs were assembled in a long low room of great antiquity. It had been the council-room of the town ever since it had been first raised upon the waters by a few fugitives who, in earlier days, had fled from the persecutions of those warriors who possessed weapons of bronze.

At the time that Realmah entered, the chief of the East was addressing the assembly. He was an old man, of great authority amongst the people, and of considerable natural sagacity; but his ideas were wont rather to travel in a groove, and to take the form of melancholy forebodings.

Realmah bent himself to the ground. The assembled chiefs looked at him with a cold haughty stare which said more plainly even than words could say: "What, young man, is the need of your presence here?"

Meanwhile the chief of the East, utterly ignoring the interruption, although he was Realmah's uncle, thus continued his speech. "I foresee the time—I say, I distinctly foresee the time, when from the constant irruption of these barbarians, life will become so difficult and so precarious for us, we shall be so hunted down by these new comers, that instead of building on the waters, our people will have to place their miserable habitations on dry land. They will thus become the prey of every passer-by. No one will sleep in peace. No one will feel secure, that in the morning he and his family will rise to pay their devotions to the sun. With this insecurity, will come an indifference to all the arts of life; and the whole race will degenerate into inferior animals.

"My voice is for war; my voice is for allying ourselves at once with the Phelatahs. If the nations that surround this great lake can but remain united, they may force back those enemies, who, superior in weapons, but far inferior in true courage, now, according to the warning words of that

noble ambassador, who has just retired from the assembly, threaten the entire destruction of our heaven-descended race."

A murmur passed through the assembly—a murmur which could not be construed otherwise than into an approval of the sentiments which the aged chief of the East had brought forward with unwonted eloquence.

It was at this inopportune moment that poor Realmah had to explain his unasked-for presence amongst them. After another profound obeisance, he thus began: "Great lords and dividers of bread, I am but a child, and how shall I dare to address this reverend assemblage? But, while you have been debating upon this grave matter, I have been examining with anxious care the manner of that ambassador. In one word, my gracious fathers, it is not that of a true man. His gifts are everywhere. With whom, when out of your gracious presence, has he been most in company? With the most easily beguiled and the weakest persons of our town. From them, I know, he has ascertained the number of our warriors, the strength of our fortresses, and the extent of our hunting-fields. He has made the most curious inquiries into our arms of attack and defence, into the state of our hoarded provisions, into the fidelity of our subject tribes. What then, I ask, is his object? I do not deny that his nation, like ours, dreads the approach of a people far superior to either in the weapons of war, all of whom carry arms which are possessed only by a few of our wealthiest chiefs, and which are looked upon rather as curiosities than as the daily implements of warfare. The policy of the Phelatahs, if I read this man rightly, is to render our nation subject and tributary to theirs, and so to oppose a bold front to the common enemy. But what matters it to whom we are subject, if we are subjected at all? What I would, with the due humility of youth, propose is, that if we send our forces to join with theirs, we should not send at once the whole flower of our army, but should divide it into two bands, one of which should

openly unite with them, while the other, concealed, should be ready to counteract the effect of any attempt on their part to take captive our men, and employ them hereafter as vassals against the common foe."

Realmah ceased speaking; and there was again the same look of polite indifference which had greeted him upon his entrance. He bowed, and withdrew.

It may be noticed, by the way, that he quite forgot, or was too nervous, to deliver the fine peroration to his speech with which he had favoured his wives.

The debate was resumed; but the words of the chief of the East were not so powerful as they had been. The chief of the North, whether really convinced by Realmah's speech, or being anxious to break the power of the East by encouraging family differences, leant entirely to Realmah's view of the question.

"To adopt the young man's suggestion would," he said, "make no real difference except in detail. Two troops might as well be sent out as one. The Phelatahs had always been false; and he had found that the nettle did not sting yesterday, or to-day, for the first time; but, as far as his poor experience went back, it had always been a stinging plant; and, as far as his poor discernment foresaw, it always would be. He reminded them of the proverb, 'That if judgment belongs to the old, quickness of perception belongs to the young;' or, to speak in the language of the people, that the young foal of the ass might have better sight than the father of lions. That, for his part, he had noticed that even the prejudices of the vulgar were often based upon something substantial, which chiefs of high lineage might not have condescended to observe. Even the infirmities of Realmah might have rendered his observation very keen—keen as that of a woman; and the great chiefs then present knew full well that their wives sometimes made observations which were worth attending to, and which they themselves, conscious of their own power and dignity, had not cared to make. The weasel in its own small circuit saw more clearly than the bison.

which relied upon its force, and not upon its sharpness of vision.

"In a word, he was not for discarding a prudent suggestion, from whatever source it might come, and his vote should be heartily given in favour of that young man's proposal who had just withdrawn from them, and to whom he should be more inclined to listen, from the fact that the young man must have imbibed some of the wisdom of his uncle, the great chief of the East."

This artful and judicious speech had great weight with the assemblage; and, after long debate, it was finally agreed that the plan proposed by Realmah should be adopted by the Council.

After the reading was ended, there was no conversation of any importance to record, and the party separated; Ellesmere merely saying that he should, hereafter, have a few remarks to make upon the singular advantages of being a savage like Realmah, and having three wives; even though two of them should be obviously plain and prosaic; two of whom he would always be able to set against the third.

CHAPTER V.

My master, Mr. Milverton, delighted in frequent excursions of a very humble kind. He used to say that we did not make half use enough of our opportunities while living in the country: that there was always much to be seen within a circle of fifteen miles radius—all manner of beautiful and interesting things. His idea of a tour was not rushing off to Spain or Italy at the rate of thirty miles an hour, but going up a canal in a little boat, or travelling along rustic roads in a pony carriage at the rate of five miles an hour, and taking everything very coolly. "Look," he would say, "at the charming uncertainty you have about your dinner in these excursions. Then, again, how amused you always are at a country inn. The pictures alone are quite a treat, and convey to you some-

thing of the history of the last seventy years."

Ellesmere, of course, opposed and ridiculed Mr. Milverton's views. He maintained there was nothing like sitting in a comfortable room where there were nice, sleep-provoking arm-chairs; not that, as he used to observe, Milverton's arm-chairs were comfortable, but that they were well-intended. It used to amuse me, this praise of sitting at home, coming from one of the most restless mortals that was ever born; for he never could keep quiet for a quarter of an hour together, but would walk round the room while the others were talking; and a favourite mode of motion of his was to place the chairs so that he could step from one to the other, and thus expend his terrible restlessness. However, though invariably opposing Milverton's excursions, he was always ready to join in them.

On the present occasion Mr. Milverton suggested that we should go to a little inn about eight miles distant, which overlooked a small arm of the sea, where it is proposed to construct a harbour. We set off on a beautiful day, and soon reached our inn. The tide was out, and there was a huge expanse of mud visible.

Ellesmere. What a delicious odour of mud! How gratifying it is to have exchanged our own poor atmosphere for this invigorating air.

Milverton. I always think when I see this place at the time of the receding tide, which gives somewhat of an ungracious aspect to the landscape, how like it is to a person of a fitful temper. The present state represents a sullen mood; but soon you will see the pleasant tide come up again, and all the scenery about you will become most beautiful—as the human being does, when he has thrown off his sullenness.

Ellesmere. I think I have heard you indulge in this simile before. I should be very sorry to show that it does not walk on four legs; but I cannot help observing that the tide ebbs and flows with regularity, whereas the temper, if I may judge from Lady Ellesmere's, is apt to be a little uncertain in its movements.

Lady Ellesmere. It cannot be said, my

love, that your temper partakes of uncertainty.

Ellesmere. A truly conjugal remark, and as true as it is conjugal.

We then separated until dinner-time, rambling about amongst the rocks and the mud, active as any children in picking up sea-weed and shells, and catching crabs: one of which gave a severe bite to *Ellesmere*, who, with his accustomed good-nature, did not avenge the bite upon the crab, but merely observed, as he put it into its little pool again, "that he was sure it was a female, and did not understand when any kindness was meant for it."

We had a very pleasant dinner, and were somewhat scolded by the landlady of the inn for our sad deficiency of appetite; though I thought we all ate like ploughboys.

After dinner Mr. Cranmer talked in a most official manner about all the things which he foresaw would happen in foreign and domestic politics; not without sundry sneers and sniffs from Sir John *Ellesmere*, whom Mr. Cranmer's talk always provokes to all kinds of sarcastic opposition. The conversation proceeded thus, as well as I can recollect it.

Milverton. All political prophecy is so difficult. *Ellesmere* owns that he cannot foresee what will happen in the course of a three-volume novel. Now, I do not feel such difficulty in that. If there is a stream near the principal house, there is sure to be an accident on the water; one of the chief personages—generally a lady—tumbles in, and, of course, there is to be a rescue from a watery grave. If a distant uncle is mentioned, he is sure to make his appearance, dead or alive, in the third volume at a very convenient time for the fortunes of the hero or heroine. No: I do not feel that difficulty about novels. There you have only to watch the mind of one man, the author; but, as regards political prophecy, it is a very different thing. Now I wish, for the sake of making a curious experiment, that any one of you, at the outset of any political movement, would write down (it must be in writing) what you really think will happen. You will, I believe, be astonished to find how mistaken your prophecy will be. Where men are so deluded, and think that they foresee far more than they do, is in this way—that

they keep on modifying, from day to day, their prophecy, in correspondence with the daily changes of events. I have watched this matter for years—at least, as regards my own mind—and have often found how wrong my prophetic anticipations have been. I remember hearing one of the shrewdest ministers of our time say that he joined a ministry, thinking it would only last seven weeks. "You see," he said, "they were old friends of mine, and they had asked me to join them. And I felt that, being old friends, I was quite willing to partake of their downfall; and here I have been years in office with them."

No one can see how a ministry will fall, or how a war will end, or how any series of political events will come to a conclusion.

I declare I never knew a ministry go out upon the exact questions they were expected to go out upon.

Sir Arthur. We are thrown back to the old French proverb, "Nothing is certain but the unforeseen."

Ellesmere. I hate proverbs; they are such bumptious things: they are like boys of sixteen; they all want taking down, not one peg, but many pegs.

Sir Arthur. I must say I delight in French proverbs. Now, what can be better than the celebrated proverb, "Nothing succeeds like success"?

Milverton. The opposite is quite as true, "Nothing succeeds like the want of success;" or, to put it in another way, "None are so successful as the unsuccessful." It all depends upon the meaning you give to the word success. Do you remember how the late Lord Carlisle, good man, used to delight in a saying (where it originally came from I do not know) which ran thus, "Heaven is a place made for the unsuccessful"? You may depend upon it there is, even in this world, nothing in the world so dangerous for a man as to be for a long time supremely successful. I think on this head that the first Napoleon's career is one of the most instructive that the world has ever seen. If he had had but a little less success before he made that fatal blunder of invading Russia, he might have acted with something like wisdom; and an uninterrupted dynasty of his might still be upon the throne of France.

By the way, I was reading the other day another account of that invasion of Russia (a portion of history which I am never tired of reading), and I observed that one division of the army—I think it was Murat's—had been reduced before it returned to Wilna to 400 infantry and 500 dismounted cavalry, without any guns, or any materials of

war of any kind. Now, that division probably started with 60,000 or 70,000 men. But the most instructive thing of that campaign is to observe the wonderful pedantry and perverse obstinacy, in ignoring the most obvious facts, which that great man Napoleon manifested to the end of the campaign. He would draw up the most admirable orders of the day, but unfortunately facts were against him; and it was no good ordering that 20,000 men should go here, and 30,000 men go there, when the division in question was almost annihilated. From the first opening of the campaign, however, there was the same want of skill manifested, and the same abjuration of facts. Now, it was thought a wonderfully clever thing throughout Europe, that the Emperor should have arranged his 5,000 wagons in military fashion; but any man, who knows anything about wagons, carter, and oxen—Wren Hoskyns or Mr. Mechi, for instance—could have told him that a transport of this kind could not be arranged in a purely military fashion.

Ellesmere. For goodness' sake do not let Milverton get upon the subject of war. At all hazards he should be stopped in talking about it.

Let me see, what were we talking about before? Oh! proverbs: well, I say a proverb is like a rule in grammar. I remember there was a detestable Greek grammar, which was the torment of my early days, and which used to lay down some rule, and then there used to come pages of exceptions. In my perverse way, I used to make one of the exceptions the rule, and throw the rule into one of the exceptions. I hate grammar!

But to return to proverbs: as I said before, they are such bumptious things. It may be said of them what the late Lord Melbourne said of dear Macaulay, "They are so cock-sure about everything."

Cranmer. I wonder to hear you say "dear Macaulay;" I should have thought that, being such a great talker, he would have interfered with you, Sir John.

Ellesmere. Do you? you are quite mistaken then. Who was it said of Matt Lewis—

"I would give many a sugar-cane,
Matt Lewis were alive again!"

so I, being by nature a poet, say—

"I would bear a load of pain,
So Macaulay were alive again."

If I were invited to meet him, I always went. It is true he was a great talker, but who talked so well? There was no vanity in his talk. There was simply an exuberant

knowledge and an exquisite enjoyment of the subject he was discoursing about. I can tell you, I did not interrupt him: I was always too glad to hear him talk. He would lay hold of a particular author, and in a short time (say twenty minutes) give you the whole pith and marrow of that author. I remember his doing so once with Cobbett, and one had, I believe, in this brief twenty minutes all the best things ever said by that most vigorous writer.

Then if any of the less prominent characters in history were mentioned, he had anecdotes about them which were known to no one else.

I remember his once describing to us the character and sayings of Lord Thurlow; and he told a story of that large-eye-browed personage which I never heard before, and each of you ought to give me half-a-crown at least, if I agree to tell you. Are the half-crowns forthcoming? (We nodded assent.)

Well, those were days when we had not the infliction of railways, and when barristers, even on the Northern circuit, travelled in post-chaises. It fell to the lot of a very saintly, good man, to have to travel with Thurlow, who was then Attorney-General. A journey to the North was a serious thing in those times, and my saintly friend dreaded the long journey, with the blustering Attorney-General, who he was sure would utter many naughty words before they arrived at York.

They had hardly left London before the good man remarked, "We shall have a long journey, Mr. Attorney, and so I thought I would bring some books to amuse us. I daresay it is a long time since you have read Milton's 'Paradise Lost.' Shall I read some of it to you? It will remind us of our younger days." (In those days men read great works; for there were not so many books of rubbishing fiction, to which the reading energies of the present day are directed.) "Oh, by all means!" said Thurlow, "I have not read a word of Milton for years."

The good man began to read out his Milton: presently he came to the passage where Satan exclaims, "Better to reign in hell than serve in Heaven." Upon which Thurlow exclaimed, "A d—d fine fellow, and I hope he may win." My saintly friend in horror shut up his "Paradise Lost," and felt that it would be no good reading to the Attorney-General, if he was to be interrupted by such wicked expressions of sentiment.

Milverton. Did you ever read Macaulay's poem on his defeat at Edinburgh? It is a

most noble production. I am ashamed to say I cannot recollect it correctly; but the next time we meet I will read it out to you.

Cranmer. I really cannot understand how Sir John could have endured the enforced silence which Lord Macaulay's talk must have imposed upon him.

Ellesmere. I am a misunderstood man, not only by Secretaries of the Treasury, but by all people who come near me. I am *un homme incompris*. Now, I ask you all, did I interrupt Milverton when he was going on with his "Realmah" story? If a talk or reading is good, I am the last man in the world to interrupt it. I only interrupt folly, irrelevancy, inaccuracy, and incomplete logic. I am the best listener in the United Kingdom when there is anything worth listening to; but I am, I repeat, a misunderstood man. Poor dear Charles Lamb complains that he was in the same plight. Nine-tenths of the world do not understand a joke; and no official man, Mr. Cranmer, ever does. Why even my wife does not understand me.

Lady Ellesmere. No, my dear, it would take nine of the cleverest women in England to understand you, and they must pass the chief part of their time in interchanging notes about your character.

Ellesmere. Let us enumerate the nine—only, for goodness' sake, do not let them be nine Muses.

Let me see, what should be their functions?—

1. The arch-concocter of salads.
2. The sewer-on of buttons.
3. The intelligent maker of bread-sauce.
4. The player of Beethoven's music.
5. The player of common tunes—"Old Dog Tray," "Early in the Morning," "Pop Goes the Weasel," and "Paddle your own Canoe,"

all of which tunes I think beautiful; but, of course, because the populace approves of them, which populace is the best judge of such things: my Lady Ellesmere must needs turn up her nose (and a very pretty one it is) against any one who admires these tunes, and she declines to play them to me.

Lady Ellesmere. I can well imagine you do admire these "tunes," as you call them. It is certainly worth my while to get up Beethoven for you, when "Early in the Morning" satisfies you quite as well.

But pray go on with your list of wives, Sir John.

Ellesmere.

6. The consoler under difficulties.
7. The good reader.

8. The one beloved wife (dear deluded creature) who always believes in her husband, and takes him to be the discreetest, virtuouslest, and most ill-used of mortal men. I do love her!

9. The manager of the other wives.

By the way, has there not been some talk of a tenth Muse? Well, if I am to have a tenth wife, she shall be the noble and rare creature who can cook a potato. My list is now complete. My polygamic nature is satisfied with these ten adorable beings.

Sir Arthur. Which will you be, Lady Ellesmere?

Lady Ellesmere. The sewer-on of buttons. I do not feel equal to the bread-sauce, though that would be the lighter work of the two if one's mind could master it.

Ellesmere. But, come, let us go on with Realmah, alias Milverton—the Milverton who existed when that ground which is now at the bottom of the Swiss lakes was at the surface. I do like a story!

Mrs. Milverton. Is it not somewhat of a confession of weakness on the part of Sir John Ellesmere, that he likes a story? And was he not a few minutes ago abusing fiction?

Ellesmere. No, it is not a confession of weakness, Mrs. Milverton. And as for inconsistency—to be consistent, one must be dull; and nobody can accuse me of that.

From the earliest ages of the world, when men dwelt in tents, and looked out upon the stars at midnight, delighting in them more than in any other created thing, men and women would gather round a fire, and listen entranced through the dark hours of night, to any one who would tell them a story; however absurd, however inconsistent, however improbable, that story might be. Not that I mean for a moment to say, Mrs. Milverton, that your husband invents absurd, inconsistent, and improbable stories. Doubtless all that he says is absolutely true, and must, as he assures us, have happened. Did not his nymph tell him?—By the way, I wonder you are not jealous of that same nymph: women can contrive to be jealous of any thing, or person, or animal, or even insect—and you see how she inspires him with a higher degree of inspiration than can be gained from yourself, or any other person who exists upon this solid earth.

Mrs. Milverton. I do not know what jealousy is, Sir John.

Ellesmere. Happy woman! I observe that Milverton is silent: he knows very well what jealousy is, at least on your part. Why, if I were to poke the fire in his study, you would be jealous that you had

not done it : you are all alike, and jealousy is nine-tenths of your love. Whereas, with us men, jealousy is almost a thing unknown.

By the way, which of the three young savage ladies, that we are introduced to in Realmah, do you think you most resemble ? Is it the prudent Varnah, the beautiful Talora, or the incomparable Ainah (with large hands and feet), that you are willing to be classed with ?

Milverton. Mrs. Milverton possesses the merits of all the three in her own person—the beauty of Talora, the prudence of the Varnah, and the sympathetic nature of the Ainah.

Ellesmere. You have not a few shillings about you, have you, Mrs. Milverton, that you could give your husband for that speech ? for I am sure it is one that requires to be paid for.

Now, Milverton, do go on : I declare seriously I am thoroughly interested in your story, and will not make a single interruption, until those shining waters desert their charming mud, and the stars come out, and we order our horses, and return to the solid comforts and second-rate arm-chairs in Milverton's smoke-dried study.

THE STORY OF REALMAH.

CHAP. V.

REALMAH VISITS TALORA.

THERE are few words more abused than the word "love." It is the most commonly-used word in all languages, except the word "money," and some short emphatic word, or other, signifying a curse. But as to the substance, it is rare. Now Talora was a girl incompetent to love any person supremely but herself.

In that age of the world beautiful women must have suffered from the loss of one great source of pleasure. They had no looking-glasses. This want they endeavoured to supply, in a very dim and poor manner, by burnished shells. And there was always the glassy water from which the fair dwellers on the lake could gain some indistinct notion of their beauty.

From what has been said above, it must not be supposed that Talora was a peculiarly heartless person. She was fond of her father, when he did not thwart her, and very gracious and good-natured to her companions, when they

submitted to her rule. Greatly admired in her own section of the city, she put a high value on herself, and was much afraid of contracting any marriage that should not be fully worthy of her.

In personal appearance she was tall, shapely, and bright-looking ; with crisp, wavy hair, brilliant eyes, that had not much meaning in them, a pleasant smile, and some very engaging dimples. Her high rank, for she was the only daughter of the chief of the North, entitled her to be sought for by the noblest youths of the city.

This was the maiden in whose favour Realmah had placed all his future hopes of happiness. She regarded him with a certain kindness, and even perceived that he was the most intelligent man she had ever seen ; but his infirmity, which she naturally thought would surely prevent his attaining the highest rank, rendered her very careful of giving him encouragement.

Athlah, the second son of the chief of the South, was also one of her suitors. He was a coarse, violent man, who, as far as bravery was concerned, had already distinguished himself in war ; and he looked with supreme contempt upon the presumption of Realmah, whom he held to be a poor feeble creature, destined for ever to partake of the occupations of women.

Athlah was not a man of sound judgment, or far-seeing sagacity ; but he had considerable gifts of Nature, which gained for him credit and high standing amongst the men of his own town. Besides being a brave warrior, he was a bold, fluent, and forcible speaker. His speeches abounded in strong metaphors, quaint similes, and homely proverbs ; and, in speaking, he was ever most powerful when most abusive.

In the Council of the Four Hundred he was always gladly listened to, and men renowned for state-craft rejoiced to see Athlah rise in the debate ; for they felt certain that somebody was then going to be soundly chastised, and that there would be fun and life and real battle.

It is a strange thing to say, but when the number of any public body exceeds

that of forty or fifty, the whole assembly has an element of joyous childhood in it, and each member revives at times the glad, mischievous nature of his schoolboy days.

Amongst themselves the first-rate statesmen spoke depreciatingly of Athlah, as a man whose opinion in public affairs was worth very little; but, as I said before, they were all (all but the victim who probably foresaw his fate) delighted when the tall form of Athlah rose in the assembly, for they knew that something was coming which would break through the pattering monotony of dull, though wise, debate.

Athlah was a perfect master of the art of sneering, which, however, is not an art that demands the highest ability.

It was to the apartments of Talora that Realmah betook himself after his speech in the council. He told her what he had done, and she sympathised with him to a certain extent. She also made many inquiries about the dress of the ambassador from the Phelatahs, and how he wore his beard. Then she amused herself and Realmah, by making ugly faces—as far as Talora could make ugly faces—to imitate the grim chief of the South; and walked about the room with pompous step, and head thrown back, to imitate the dignified gestures of the proud chief of the West. For Talora was a great mimic. Realmah, deep in love, mistook this mimicry for wit.

At this moment Athlah coming in, and not being over-pleased to see Realmah there, sarcastically inquired whether he had come to help Talora to spin, whereupon she smiled pleasantly at the new comer, and seemed to enjoy the jest. She then told Athlah that Realmah had been present at the great council, and recounted the advice he had urged upon the chiefs.

Athlah was provoked at what he considered the presumption of Realmah, in venturing to enter a council-room, where he (Athlah) would not have dared to intrude.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "I see we are going to borrow an arrow from the sheaf

of that wise tribe, the Doolmies. When they go to war, there is always a band of girl-warriors; and these are found to be very useful in killing those who are too badly wounded to make any resistance, and in despoiling the dead. Indeed, they are serviceable in many ways after a battle, and we call them the Doolmie she-crows, birds not quite as noble as vultures, but nearly as useful. I suppose" (turning to Realmah) "you will take the command of this redoubtable band, and they will doubtless becalled the Realmahras. Oh! it is not for nothing that you stay at home with the women, and that your knitted brows bear the signs of such deep thought. Your subtle wit becomes almost equal to that of the other girls. The council must have been delighted with this wise advice which they received from one so skilled in war."

Then Athlah went on to say, "Set a weasel to catch a rat. I do not wonder that Realmah sees through the deep designs of the false Phelatah. Even, with my poor wit, I have observed that these emissaries, called ambassadors, are not so very unlike old women, being taken from the ranks of those elderly warriors who have not been greatly renowned in war, and have somehow, from excess of bravery no doubt, managed, through a long career of warlike service, to return from battle without such vulgar signs of it as wounds. We, mere rough men of war, often fail to understand those sage ambassadors; but feminine craft, when matched against theirs, from its kindred nature, easily discovers their false designs and cunning purposes. Realmah dear,¹ I congratulate you upon your rendering such great service to the state."

Realmah had not attempted to interrupt this sneering tirade of Athlah's, nor did he show, by look or gesture, that it affected him in the least. It was not quite the same when Talora, after laughing heartily at Athlah's sayings, maliciously added, "That Athlah must recollect that, if Realmah had not had

¹ Athlah used the word *klava*, the feminine form of the word "dear."

much practice in the art of war, he had invented two or three new ways of playing mikree.¹ Besides, with his clever tongue, he would outtalk even the girls, and so keep them in order."

Realmah laid his hand lightly upon Athlah's arm, and said, "The All-powerful One, not to be named, has given you strong arms and brave ones, Athlah; He has also given you a strong and cruel tongue; but He has not blessed you with a big heart; for if He had, you would not pour insult upon one who has been weak and maimed from his birth, and who cannot answer you in the only way in which you deserve to be answered, and which you would best understand."

Athlah, who, though coarse and violent, was not really a bad-hearted fellow, and a thoroughly brave man, felt the rebuke keenly, and blushed a blush that was quite visible even under his dusky skin, stammering out something about people not understanding what was merely spoken in jest.

Realmah then approached Talora, and said, "Always as witty as beautiful; but still I think Talora might have been kinder to her poor slave, remembering too that it was to please her, when they were boy and girl together, that he invented the new ways of playing mikree, which he is proud to see still find favour with the mikree-playing boys and girls of Abibah."

He then smiled, bowed, and began to retire.

As he reached the matted hanging which was at the entrance of the apartment, he found that Athlah had intercepted him, who, in an awkward way, held out his hand. Realmah grasped it warmly, for he felt that the rude soldier meant to offer an apology, which was a great effort of good-nature for him. While still retaining Athlah's hand in his, Realmah said, "You have a bigger and a better heart than I supposed, Athlah; forgive me for having spoken so unjustly and unkindly."

Realmah then took his departure, and walked wearily back to his own home,

¹ A sort of game like prisoner's bars.

where he neither expected, nor sought for, consolation.

As he walked he muttered to himself, "The she-spider for fierceness, and the she-adder for spite" (a proverb of the Sheviri, probably directed against women). "I suppose the proverb is true," he added; "and that the same thing holds good throughout all nature."

But not the less did he love Talora. Her faults were the faults of her sex; her merits, all her own. If the tolerance that is created by love could be carried into other relations of human life, what a happy world it would be!—almost realizing Christianity.

When he had returned to his own home, he was kindly greeted by his wives, the Varnah and the Ainah. The Ainah looked wistfully at him, expecting and hoping to hear some account of his success. But he was silent upon that subject.

The good Varnah scolded him heartily for being late for his meal, and said that he was like no other person in Abibah, but was always late. She had, however, prepared for him, knowing that he would be tired, what she had heard him say that he liked best. Realmah thanked her, and praised her for her thoughtfulness, and then, during the meal, chatted pleasantly about household matters and household goods, to the great delight of the Varnah, who said to herself that some day Realmah might become quite like other people, which was the greatest praise that she could give to anybody.

The Ainah said nothing, fearing to ask the questions which she longed to ask, and conjecturing his failure at the council from his silence.

Realmah's heart and soul were far away from household stuff, meditating battles, sieges, and surprises, in which Realmah himself was not to take a small or unimportant part.

CHAP. VI.

THE TREACHERY OF THE PHELATAHS.

REALMAH felt bitterly the cold reception he had met with from the council of

the chiefs; and he had not the slightest idea that his proposition had received a favourable hearing.

On the ensuing day, after the council had been held, the ambassador from the Phelatahs was dismissed, with an assurance, however, that in two months' time the forces of the Sheviri should join those of the Phelatahs, just where the river Coolahva falls into the great lake.

Notwithstanding this friendly assurance the council had resolved to adopt Realmah's advice—at least, so far as to divide their forces into two bands: the one was to march along the margin of the lake, while the other, starting a day or two earlier, was to make its way through the woods—the two divisions having previously arranged a system of correspondence by means of signals.

Athlah was entrusted with the command of the main body, which moved along the margin of the lake, while Realmah had the guidance of the detachment that was to force its way through the woods. There was much murmuring at Realmah's being entrusted with the command of these troops. The excuses given for his appointment were, that the idea of sending this second division was his; that the men of whom it consisted were not the flower of the army; that, in all probability, they would never be engaged, and that they were merely sent by way of precaution, and were to return, if possible, unperceived by their allies, should their countrymen not require their assistance.

Every arrangement having now been made, the expedition set out and joined the Phelatahs. Nothing occurred for some little time to justify any suspicion. At length, however, it was to be observed that the Phelatahs far outnumbered their allies; that, when the united forces halted during the march, it was the Phelatahs who occupied always the most commanding positions; and, moreover, there was an air of triumph about them that did not fail to rouse the attention even of the fearless and unsuspecting Athlah.

The united troops continued their

march. Slight occasions of dispute arose which were made the most of by the chiefs of the Phelatahs. Finally, under pretence of there being insubordination (although there had been no question of allowing supremacy to the Phelatahs) the principal leaders of the Sheviri were seized and bound; gratuities were offered to the common soldiers; the mask was entirely thrown off; and the unfortunate Sheviri found themselves incorporated in a foreign army.

Gratuities, however, do not compensate for insults; and the common soldiers felt themselves as much aggrieved as their chiefs, who had been released from their bonds, but who were strictly guarded as they marched along, and were treated in all respects as hostages, if not as captives.

Tidings of this treachery on the part of the Phelatahs did not fail to reach Realmah. He skilfully prepared a night surprise, which was so far successful that, after a fearful and confused contest, he was able to liberate the chiefs of the Sheviri, and to cover the flight of the main body of men into the adjacent woods, from whence, burning with a sense of injury, they returned to their own town in a few weeks after they had left it.

The whole army felt that Realmah's prudence had saved them; and he became, for the moment, the hero of the Sheviri.

His return to the city was welcomed in a triumphal manner, for, though the Sheviri had suffered much in the night attack and in the subsequent contest, to have escaped so great a disaster as the capture of their finest body of troops was held to be a signal cause of triumph.

Immediately a meeting of the great Council of the Four Hundred was held, and the whole of the transactions of the short campaign were explained to them by Athlah and Realmah.

Realmah's speech was eminently judicious. He said not a word in self-glorification, nor did he in any way refer to his past warnings, but merely mentioned to the great council that he had

laid some facts before the Council of the Three Fours, which facts had accidentally come to his notice, and which had led them, in their high wisdom, to make such arrangements of the forces as had insured a complete defeat of the wicked design of the Phelatahs. When he left the council he had not by self-praise exhausted any of the gratitude and respect which he now felt sure would be entertained for him by his nation.

That there is nothing new under the sun is the remark of wearied Solomon. Not wholly a true remark; for was not Christianity a new thing? But still the saying holds good for the most part in human affairs. The system of the Roman Empire of having a Cæsar as well as an Augustus had been adopted, or rather anticipated, long ago by the Sheviri, and had doubtless been borrowed by them from some more ancient nation. There was at this moment a vacancy in the office of Cæsar, *i.e.* of second in command, to the chief of the East. The name of this office was Luathmor. By general acclamation this great office was conferred upon Realmah. The insignia consisted of a coronet rudely formed of dark polished stones and feathers, and of a blue scarf called the shemar. The shemar, however, did not strictly belong to the office of the Luathmor, but had almost always been granted at the same time to the person on whom that office had been conferred.

No one murmured when it was decreed unanimously by the Council of the Four Hundred and by the Council of the Three Fours that permission to wear the blue shemar should be conferred upon this young chief, Realmah, whose sagacity had gone far to save the republic; for men are always very grateful just at first, and when the remembrance of the service rendered is fresh and warm in their minds.

After the reading had finished, I am sorry to say that we had rather a painful scene. Sir John Ellesmere has great merits, as every one knows; and I am sure no one admires him more than I

do; but he is one of those persons who indulge in intellectual antipathies. This Mr. Cranmer is just the man to keep Sir John in a perpetual state of irritation.

I cannot recollect exactly how the conversation began, but I think it was by either Mrs. Milverton or Lady Ellesmere saying, "Oh, how I wish our dear Mr. Dunsford were alive; how delighted he would be with the character of Realmah, and with all the proceedings that took place in the great Lake City."

My readers may perhaps remember that the former conversations of the "Friends in Council" were collected by a good clergyman of the name of Dunsford, who had been tutor to Mr. Milverton and Sir John Ellesmere.

Mr. Cranmer then remarked, that Sir John must have been a great torment to Mr. Dunsford, and must have given him many an unhappy hour.

Ellesmere. Sir, I did nothing of the kind. Dunsford thoroughly understood me. I never gave him an unhappy hour, or an unhappy five minutes. It was impossible to admire a man more than I admired Dunsford; and of course he knew it. These simple, unselfish, transparently good people, like Dunsford, are the salt of the earth, and happily they are to be found everywhere. You cannot enter into any small portion of society, but you find them there, believing in the good of everybody, and bringing out the good points of every character. Sir, I am not such a fool as not to have known how far I could go with dear old Dunsford. I never provoked him more than such a man ought to be provoked, in order to show forth the full beauty of his character.

Cranmer. Crushed herbs are very sweet.

Ellesmere. Sir, he was never crushed by me. He was not one of those men who require to be trepanned in order that a joke, or a jesting objection, should be inserted into their dense brains. He was a good clergyman, and not an obtuse official man.

Cranmer. Oh, of course, I am very obtuse, Sir John. I am sure I did not mean any offence.

[Ellesmere got up, and, in his pleasantest manner, offered his hand to Mr. Cranmer.]

Ellesmere. Now don't be angry with me, there's a good fellow; we shall be famous friends when we understand one another better; only it is rather hard upon one to be obliged to explain that one does not mean any harm by one's foolish talk. Don't

imagine, Mr. Cranmer, that I don't appreciate you. Didn't I listen to you most patiently, and vote with you too in all emergencies, when you were fighting the estimates the last session when you and I were in office together? and I declare no man could have done it better than you did, and I sympathised with you thoroughly. [Turning to us, Ellesmere continued:] What a hand at explanation he was! Some foolish person wished to understand something about an estimate, and presumed to ask a question. Cranmer rose to explain; he was lucid, frank, candid, especially candid; and when he sat down, the House felt that something had been well explained, and yet one understood less about the subject generally than one did before. Now I take this to be a triumph of skill on the part of a great Government official.

Moreover, it is not a delusion impressed upon us by him, for really one does often find that when an explanation is given of any complicated matter, one understands less about it than one fancied one did before; and that the question one had asked was silly and irrelevant. I can assure you, grave official men on both sides of the House used to nod approval, when Cranmer was giving any of his clear and candid explanations.

[Mr. Cranmer took Sir John Ellesmere's hand, and gave it a most friendly grasp. The talk about the estimates had mollified him.]

Cranmer. It is impossible to be angry with you, Sir John; you make such pleasant fun of all of us.

Ellesmere. It does me good to hear you say so: we will never have a dispute again. Quarrels are such vulgar things; and you are the last man in the world I should like to quarrel with. You are made to be in office; and does not one always want some little job or other done, which the Secretary of the Treasury can further?

[We all made a point of laughing loudly at this last speech, and harmony was from that moment re-established; Sir John Ellesmere resumed the conversation.]

Ellesmere. I must show Cranmer that I can be very serious, and I declare I am really much interested in this history of Realmah.

But it is not asking too much from us to believe that this semi-savage was such a great politician?

Sir Arthur. Mr. Milverton has been making me read that epic he talked to us about—namely, the "Araucana;" and I do assure you that there are speeches in that epic which show us that some of those savages—as you call them—possessed a

high kind of political wisdom. "Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona;" and I do not see why there should not have lived considerable statesmen in the earliest times of the world's history. You must remember, too, that their statesmanship was of a much easier character than ours: that they had not the complicated questions arising out of a state of high civilization to deal with.

Ellesmere. You have been in high office, Sir Arthur, and you might really tell us whether Milverton speaks truly and justly, when he asserts that there is so much to be done in the way of improving Government action, even amongst ourselves, who imagine that we are the best governed people upon the earth.

Sir Arthur. If I understand Mr. Milverton, I think he is quite right. I can see that he wants more intellectual power brought to the aid of Government. You and I were at college together, Ellesmere; though I am sorry to say we saw very little of one another.

Ellesmere. I was a poor man, a sizar, and had to make my way in the world; you were a rich one; and people do not often meet who live at different poles of the pecuniary world.

Sir Arthur. But I have no doubt you knew Alwin?

Ellesmere. Oh yes: the cleverest fellow I ever did know.

Sir Arthur. Well, when I came into office, one of my first thoughts was whether I could get Alwin into the service of the Government; but he is a married man, and has a large family, and is making a lot of money quietly as a consulting counsel. There was nothing I could offer him. What would the Treasury have said to me if I had asked them to give 3,000*l.* a year to what Milverton calls an "in-doors statesman?" It would have been no good pointing out to them that such a man might save us 30,000*l.* a year. Mr. Cranmer is not on my side of politics, but he knows very well what an enormous difficulty I should have had, to persuade any Secretary of the Treasury to give 3,000*l.* a year to such a man.

Well, there is nothing hardly that that man does not know, besides being a good lawyer. He is a man of the greatest general knowledge that I ever met with; and it happened that he was especially skilled in matters relating to my department. But I might as well have tried to have got the man in the moon to work with me as to have got Alwin.

Ellesmere. Milverton's nymphs are very valuable personages; and they never charge any money for their advice.

Milverton. Do not sneer at my nymphs; they are as useful to me as Pope's sylphs were to him in the "Rape of the Lock."

But to talk seriously about Government. Do look at the difficulties; consider that at every step that a Government takes it is beset by importunate and powerful interests. Then look at the overwork of the principal men connected with the Government. Then see how the House of Commons is absorbed, not in its own proper work so much as in that which scarcely belongs to it, in executive as well as in legislative business. Giving Parliament credit for immense ability, we must admit that it is a body not fit for every kind of business.

Ellesmere. Bureaucracy! bureaucracy! Milverton always associates himself in imagination, and probably in reality, with whatever is bureaucratic.

Milverton. I do not admit that. But I want to bring before you another matter bearing closely upon this subject, and that is the unpleasantness of the capital as a place of residence. This will some day exercise a most malign influence over public affairs.

Ellesmere. This is a new idea: but I really do not see exactly what it means.

Milverton. I almost despair of making you see it; but I can tell you that the permanent officers of State—those men upon whom every Government must mainly rely—would well understand what I mean. No sooner does any opportunity arise for getting away from London, than all important people quit it.

But I return to Ellesmere's attack upon me respecting my bureaucratic tendencies.

I maintain that there is not a person in England who has a greater horror of bureaucracy than I have. I only want to point out to you, that there are certain things which can only be done by bureaucracy. I have talked all this out before, and therefore I am aware that I am only repeating myself. Do you remember that passage in Aristophanes, where some good citizen resolves to make peace or war upon his own account simply, and to deal with the enemy himself?

Ellesmere. I never read that improper book Aristophanes, but I am willing to take for granted what you say.

Milverton. Well, you see how absurd it is for a private individual to talk of making peace or war by himself alone. But perhaps you do not see that there are many other matters in which also he cannot act alone. What I am driving at is, to establish a wide distinction between those things that can be done by a private individual, and in

which he ought not to be interfered with, and those things in which the State must act for him.

Take sanitary matters—take education; these are things in which a private individual cannot act very forcibly. They must be transacted by Government.

Ellesmere. True: speaking as an individual, I decline to have anything to do with main drainage, or the Conscience Clause.

Milverton. Then you admit that there are some subjects in which the bureau must act for the general community; and I am quite willing that the bureau should be confined to this action.

Ellesmere. I was greatly struck, Milverton, by the remark you made a little time ago, that the aversion to London on the part of men of importance is a serious injury to public business. Do you hold to it, and is it really your own?

Milverton. I do hold to it, but it is not altogether my own. A late Under-Secretary of State used often to talk over the matter with me, and we thoroughly agreed upon it. I maintain that the celebrated Chancellor Oxenstiern's maxim, "*Quantulā sapientiā regitur mundus*," is only partially true, and that "*Quantulo tempore regitur mundus*" would be a much more valuable maxim. The truth is, most men of average ability are very capable of estimating good arguments, *pro* or *con*, about any matter; and for my own part, I would rather have the attention of an average man for two hours, when the business really requires that time for discussion, than the attention of the cleverest man in England who will only give you one hour.

Ask any person who has really mastered the details of any great subject, and who has had to lay them before other people for decision. You will seldom find that he complains of any want of apprehension on their part, but that he will bitterly complain that he was not allowed time enough to lay before them the whole matter with all its bearings.

Now, the time to be given for considering a great subject is sure to be very much limited when people are very anxious to get away from the spot where the discussion takes place. And so it becomes a matter of great importance that the capital of every country should be a pleasant place for residence, as the main business of the country must be transacted there.

In all committees and councils, it is to be observed that the man of endurance and perseverance, who may, after all, be a very inferior man in point of thoughtfulness, will

ultimately have too much power and influence. And it will be putting additional leverage into his hands, if he knows that the cleverest men amongst his opponents will be anxious to get away at a certain time, and that he can gain his point by outstaying them, whether he outreasons them or not.

Sir Arthur. I want to bring another branch of the subject before you. I think there might be a better division than there is of the functions of government. For instance, I would have a Minister of Justice, who should attend to matters of justice only. I would at the same time have a minister whose sole duty it should be to attend to the physical well-being of the community. I am not sure that I would not also throw upon him the business of education. And then, to make room for this important minister, I would cancel those offices which are becoming obsolete. I would, for instance, cancel the Privy Seal, in order to make room for a Minister of Health and Education.

Milverton. I entirely agree with you, Sir Arthur. Then there is another thing I would do. I would certainly make more use of the men who hold second-class places in Government. I think it is very hard upon them that, for the most part, they have their tongues tied, and that they are distanced in public estimation by those who are called independent members, who, being free from official trammels, have opportunities of distinguishing themselves which are denied to official personages of the second class.

Sir Arthur. This is very difficult, Milverton. You see, it would be a very serious thing for an Under-Secretary of State to be speaking in a contrary sense to his chief.

Milverton. I know all that, but I would occasionally give him an opportunity of distinguishing himself. I would entrust him, for instance, with the sole conduct of some great measure.

Ellesmere. How true men are to themselves and their old positions! Sir Arthur cannot forget that he has been a Secretary of State.

Milverton. But where the greatest opportunities for improvement in Government lie, are in Colonial affairs. We really must come, before long, to some definite principles as to how we are to deal with our Colonies; and in any change of Government, the minister about whose appointment I feel the most anxiety is the Minister for our Colonial affairs. No father ever had a more difficult problem put before him, when he has growing-up boys to deal with, than we have in the management of our Colonies. It would be very hard upon England to be dragged into an expensive war for any of these Colonies.

Sir Arthur. On the other hand, it would be very hard to desert them in the time of need.

Milverton. How to reconcile, in a just manner, these two lines of policy is, you may depend upon it, the greatest question of the present day.

Nobody seemed inclined to combat this proposition. The ladies said it was getting late; and so we ordered the carriages and returned to Worth-Ashton, after a very pleasant day spent at the little inn near the harbour, which, as we left it, was overflowed by the full tide, and, with the setting sun upon it, looked most beautiful and attractive.

As we drove away, Ellesmere nudged Milverton, and said, "You see good temper has come over the landscape, and over us." Then in a whisper, "I assure you I won't break out again with Cranmer, whatever he may say to me. But then, you know how I loved Dunsford; and I believe he was nearly as fond of me as he was of you, though of course your views always suited him better than mine did. Poor dear man! What a large bit of life the loss of such a man takes out from us for ever! Yes, for ever!"

To be continued.

A PLAIN VIEW OF RITUALISM.

BY FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, LATE FELLOW OF EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD.

AMONG those arts which have been recovered after long loss, has anyone yet thought of including the art of building churches? Public attention is always called to discoveries in science or art, and those who make or utilize an invention receive due notice and honour; but at the present day it is so natural a thing to see a new spire rising in all populous districts, and so easy to put one up, that perhaps it hardly strikes anybody who is not almost professionally familiar with the history of English architecture, that all these buildings are, in fact, examples of what is even rarer than the advent of a fresh art,—the recovery of a lost one. Yet this is almost literally the case. Some not very frequent or conspicuous work was going on a hundred years ago among our Nonconformists; but a new church seemed nearly as impossible a thing to members of the Church of England, as a new hundred to a county magistrate. Population was in the full tide of increase after the first century of internal peace which England had hitherto known. Manufacturing industry was beginning its immense career. Cities were enlarging with a rapidity which would have terrified James the First. Moors hitherto left to grouse and others were turning into cities. But a plain brick box, with square windows and a square pigeon-house over one end; inside, a series of uniform painted deal packing-cases, one larger than the rest in the middle; wine-vaults below, and houses on each side;—such was the ideal of the provision which the pious of a church, rich enough for more liberal things, though then far from being the richest in Europe, were satisfied to make. They were so proud of the performance, that it seemed

to require a name of its own. It was called a Proprietary Chapel.

There is no need to sketch the contrasted picture of the costly church of our own time, or to quote facts in proof of the facility with which it is now provided. Much more has been done within one generation than was done during any period of similar length when one-third of the whole country was in ecclesiastical hands; and if we set aside the sentiment of antiquity, it may be added, more beautifully and inventively done. The number, according to recent accounts, must exceed three thousand within the last thirty years; a similar activity has been excited among the Nonconformists of almost every kind; and in all cases the demand is for further richness of structure and elaborateness of decoration. Probably it is as easy now to obtain 10,000*l.* to spend on ecclesiastical architecture, as it was to obtain 10*l.* a hundred years ago. But churches are built for use. And as the Proprietary chapel of 1767 is to the church of 1867, such is the service. The "divine worship" of the last century is—the "Ritualism" of this.

Undoubtedly a vast change is implied in this multiplication and metamorphosis both of the building and of the service. But, deferring for the moment what may be said on the good and the evil of it, must we not concede, whether high church, low church, or no church, that the change is in itself a perfectly natural one? The plainest and cheapest structure, and the fewest possible of them, answered to the church-founding ideas of the last century. Ever since that period, the complaint that the English ritual was dull and unattractive, has been one of the commonplaces of

conversation and of literature. A praiseworthy effort to remedy this complaint through the medium of increased vivacity and vitality in the sermons, was made by the "Evangelical" party of fifty years since. But this (may it be said without offence?) broke down through the inherent impossibility of finding ten thousand men who, a hundred times or more in a twelve-month, could speak with the impressiveness of a great orator upon subjects which, if the most important, are also the most familiar that can be brought before human ears. In place of the hideous chapel we have now churches by scores, which outstrip in expense and often in beauty, the most expensive and the most beautiful of those built in the so-called "Ages of Faith." At first the remarkable movement which led to this revolution, appeared confined to the wish to provide for what were then named "heathen populations." Then it appeared to limit itself to architectural splendour. But it may be put to the reader's common sense and knowledge of human nature, whatever his sympathies, whether it was likely that the revolution should stop here? Would it not seem becoming that the service should be made to correspond to the structure? Was it not inevitable that a man inducted fresh from Oxford or Cambridge into a building all covered with carving and colours, should try to enliven the "dulness of the English service" with music, processions, banners, lights, and the rest of a "ritualistic" performance? His church,—nay, his Nonconformist chapel,—is gorgeously Gothic. By a sort of natural law, his service becomes gorgeous and Gothic also. The "Evangelical" service of 1867 would seem quite alarmingly Popish to the Evangelical of 1827, could he by some strange effort recall the Sunday of his boyhood. There is many a meeting-house of the present day, the sight of which would be no less of a shock to a Foxe or a Bunyan, than St. Alban's itself is to a Protestant visitor.

Let those who are surprised at or dissent from this historical sketch re-

mark, further, that this change, so far as we have hitherto examined it, is not by any means confined to ecclesiastical structures, furniture, or ceremonies. A hundred years ago the English—rivals in love of fine art at one time with the best of the continental races—had reached the lowest point of indifference to beauty in all the applied or practical fine arts. We had Reynolds and his contemporaries; but to all the decorative arts of life that age was curiously apathetic. Josiah Wedgwood is perhaps the one great exception; and (admirable as what he did was) yet his higher efforts were not only limited to works in a Greek or Renaissance style, but obtained their popularity among a class who had a literary rather than a spontaneous appreciation of their beauty. Without discussing what compensating good existed in return for this deadness to taste in common life (a curious inquiry which would here lead us too far), it is certain that in almost every direction we have reversed the feeling of our great-grandfathers. In place of brick, and plainness, and Anglo-Grecian efforts at external architecture, we have Gothic and Italian, and brilliancy of colour, and vivacity of form everywhere. Enough has been already said of our churches. Compare the architecture of Soho Square and its neighbourhood, the fashionable quarter of Dr. Johnson's time, with the new streets on the Grosvenor estate; compare the old Montagu House in Whitehall with the new; the Horseguards with the Indian Court in Downing Street. If we turn to interiors—although at all times private wealth and taste have here and there provided brilliant effects, yet is it not notorious that art and forms of beauty or brightness have now penetrated everywhere? The colours worn are more varied; the illustrations of books are multiplied; a child for sixpence gets a story with prints which no money would have procured fifty years since. The dethronement of the famous "willow-pattern" is a symbol of a national change in taste, which the Macaulay of the future, should the future

be fortunate enough to have one, will not regard as below the notice of historical dignity. Add the wonderful popularization of music; add our palatial warehouses; add the multiplied popular exhibitions of art: in a word, without entering on the chapter of blunders, or the question how far our taste is improved, it is certain that the age of plainness has given place, on all these matters, to an age of display.

The foregoing particulars have been put together, not because they are, individually, likely to be new to the reader, but because, when we look at them together in their historical sequence, they really explain the greater part of what is now expressed by "Ritualism." We know the details of our own century so well that we often do not perform the process for ourselves; we wait till the historian shall come and join cause and effect in order for us. If we attempt the work, even slightly, we may obtain the great benefit which men reap from the study of history—calmness and sobriety of judgment. We see that much of what seems strange or undesirable is a simple reproduction of past phases in human experience; that changes of taste follow like the seasons by a regular process of action and reaction; that novelty is transformed antiquity, and that antiquity anticipates to-day. We may learn also another truth—that the great general changes in taste or sentiment which we unconsciously follow are precisely those changes against which it is most hopeless to contend; we may moderate the current by good sense and charity and toleration—to turn it back is impossible. It is not intended here to take any side on the subject; the writer's education and sympathies (if, in the hope of enforcing his argument, he may so far allude to himself) by no means lead him to St. Alban's: his wish is to bring satisfactory proofs that the phenomenon which so alarms or delights many, is one to be regarded mainly, though not exclusively, with simple acquiescence, as the result of things neither alarming nor obscure, but rather of a remarkable

revolution in English taste, taking this outlet for its gratification along with many others. In a word, nine-tenths of Ritualism are, in the strict sense, simply matters of taste. This is important and serious in its way, but that way has little to do with religion. Ritualism, in the far larger proportion of its display, is the reaction from plainness and severity; though not equally, it affects all our theological parties, as the weather works more on some constitutions than others, but works somehow on all; it is no more a matter for angry strife or passionate pleading than climatic variations, or the last fashion in dress. In a gorgeous house propriety demands gorgeous liveries.

Many excellent people simply look at Ritualism in its extremest forms, and are shocked, without trying to analyze the movement, or inquiring into the historical and secular antecedents which enter so largely into it; and it is probable that the above conclusion will be more distasteful to them, whilst the controversy rages, than a strong opinion for or against the ecclesiastical practice in question. They will say, "that serious issues are involved in matters which appear only external and trifling to a spectator:" that "even a dress may be a symbol of vital interests, though Galileo cannot see it," or that "acquiescence in the historical sequence of cause and effect is a disguised and cowardly fatalism." Nor is it to be denied or concealed that there is some real, as well as much plausible truth in such charges. Were the subject not of some seriousness, it would not deserve examination. As a matter of taste, Ritualism is important. In its connexion with what we have called the rediscovery of the art of church-building, it is important. This, which happened to be the first and natural step to "Ritualism," is obviously a matter of no little significance; but it lies beyond the space and object of this paper. Ritualism, as an expression of taste, or as immediately derived from the splendour and style of our new and restored churches, is not what excites popular apprehension and clerical sympathy.

On these grounds, no one has been moved about it. There is, however, another aspect of Ritualism which has a distinct doctrinal character, which is at the bottom of the main controversy, and on which a few words will presently be added. Meanwhile, for the relief of those who are strongly and conscientiously moved, it is worth while reflecting how many not less bitter controversies, each supposed to be of similar profundity and significance, have quietly died out within the sphere of theology alone. Practical opinion (at least in England) buries the great controversies of election, of predestination, of the fate of unchristened children—nay (to take a case more precisely analogous) those bitter disputes about the organ north of the Tweed, or the surplice south of it, which have distracted so many households, and wounded so many hearts. The remains of extinct species are hardly more completely fossilized. For charity's sake, let us at least be allowed to express the hope that the same dust may cover the relics of the ritualistic controversy:

*Motus animorum atque hæc certamina
tanta!*

It is only natural and right that excitement should have been caused; the English mind would have been very dead to religious matters had it not been so; but we should be on our guard against overrating the importance of dress and decoration. Nor are there any so much interested in taking a just view as those whose feelings are conscientiously roused *against* these novelties. An adversary never gains more than when his doings are exalted to a "sensational" importance. The alarm of one side always generates the confidence of the other.

Nine-tenths of Ritualism have been traced above to a change of taste in regard to the applied fine arts, which is not less secular than ecclesiastical, and may be seen in shawls and gowns as much as in stoles and tunics. The change is curious and important; but, as has been already observed, its import-

ance is not theological. A deeper and a totally different origin and intention must, however, be assigned to the remaining portion. The desire to imitate the variety and colour of the Roman Catholic service, and the wish to express by appropriate and telling symbols doctrines more or less approaching certain doctrines prominent in the teaching of that church, cannot reasonably be denied,—would often not be denied,—by those who have carried "Ritualism" to its most marked development. It is, of course, this element in Ritualism which has moved the popular mind in England. History proves with perfect distinctness that that mind has at no time accepted the claims or adopted the sentiments of the Papal system, with the devotion exhibited by the races of "Latin" descent or Latin civilization. Nor can those who persuade themselves that any serious change in the Protestant feeling of the country is probable, be considered other than victims of a delusion, which is most likely to influence the most conscientious members of the Roman church. It was hence, again, natural that the strong feeling should be roused by Ritualism which has expressed itself in Parliament. It cannot be thought strange that the proscription of the new ceremonial should have been loudly demanded; nor is it unnatural (however unjust, from the point of view here taken), that the popular wrath should have included that far larger portion of Ritualism which is simply an expression of public taste, in the general condemnation.

Whilst this element in the controversy is fully allowed, there are, however, very powerful reasons which should moderate the sensation roused. Admit the occasional wish to "get rid of the dreariness of the Hanoverian Protestant service," and to make the English rites as like the Roman as may decently be managed. Admit the wish to symbolize by ceremonies doctrines of a Roman character. Admit that things seen are more impressive than things heard, and that an English Protestant congregation may naturally be shocked and pained by

sights which they can hardly bear to look at without immediate protest. These feelings may be just, not less than natural; but into that side of the question it is not needful here, to enter. For it is hardly possible to deny that, rightly or wrongly, the Roman doctrines corresponding to these Roman rites have been, for twenty years and more, openly preached and published by many English clergymen, some of a certain distinction; and that no attempt hitherto made to prove such teaching absolutely beyond the liberal bounds of what is legally permitted has practically succeeded. The fact stands thus, whether agreeable to the reader's sense of what should be, or not. Now, if this is so, must it not be conceded that men may show the doctrines they maintain by the services they conduct? Their doctrines would be but superficially held did they not thus endeavour to show them. However invincibly averse the English mind may be from the Roman theory of the Eucharist and the Priesthood, natural justice seems to require that if a man may preach this theory within the pale of a Protestant church, he may also act it. It would be ridiculous on the face of it to leave his tongue free, and devote ourselves to simplifying his dress, or fettering his gestures. But in truth it would be worse than ridiculous; for such constraint (whether based on fossilizing the form into which the service had fallen, before Ritualism began, under the name of "prescription," or on new legislation) must inevitably bear the look of persecution, and persecution of that most mischievous kind which meddles with externals, while it cannot touch the points of vital moment. Nor can one readily imagine a worse or more unhealthy frame of mind than would be generated by penal legislation of the kind. Ritualists would fight for an attitude or an altar-cloth as if it were the palladium of their faith. Antiritualists would put themselves in the absurd and contradictory light of men who, leaving the ceremonial or sacrificial spirit untouched, wage war against its dress and furniture. Evasions of the

most provoking and puerile order would be followed by lawsuits as provoking and puerile. The world outside would laugh or be scandalized with good reason. And what wise men would think of the controversy, may be left to the reflections of the reader.

It is supposed here that the extreme section of our Ritualists do not break any actual law or canon in their ceremonial. This point has yet to be tested; but the law of rites threatens to prove even more vague and liberal than that of doctrines; and meanwhile the Ritualists may fairly claim that, like other Englishmen, they shall be presumed to be acting legally until the reverse is proved. They may also, as one of our bishops lately observed, with a quiet impartiality which is the most annoying and irresistible of arguments, justly claim a strict rubrical obedience from antagonists who have unconsciously lapsed into neglect of the rubric to which they are appealing.

But, whatever the exact legal position may be, the foregoing considerations, if valid, render it, in any case, highly inexpedient to aim at a solution through the courts. Even if Ritualism transgresses the law, it would still be undesirable to put the law in force. For this would again be to meddle with the dress, and miss the doctrine. The attempt at limitation by an appeal to prescription or established custom is unmeaning as well as unfair. When one asks what "established custom" is to be thus solely privileged, it immediately appears that the limit must be quite arbitrary. Is it to be the church-service of 1730, or of 1830, or of 1845, or which? And again, as rites always have followed doctrines, what right or power is there implicitly to limit doctrines to the ritual custom to be thus selected and fossilized? And the same reasons clearly hold good against the stricter definition of allowable rites, or the introduction of a new and less demonstrative ritual, which have been also recently proposed. To bind the hands, whilst the tongue is left free, is neither sense nor justice.

So far as the Ritualist Commission and Parliament are concerned, the result of these considerations points to moderation on the part of those who are alarmed and pained, however naturally and conscientiously, by the movement. Let us briefly sum them up. The powerful underlying element in it, and that which really holds by far the largest share in its manifestations, is simply and purely a matter of taste, and only the ecclesiastical side of a change which is gradually pervading the common life and secular habits of the country. It has but the real (though imperfectly understood) importance which belongs to matters of taste; but in that importance there is nothing specially theological. The remaining element, though strongly and avowedly such, does not appear to transcend the limits of what have hitherto been proved to be the doctrinal possibilities of the Church of England. It is simply the outward expression of convictions which members of that church are permitted to maintain and assert. As such,—whilst the convictions are legally tenable,—even extreme Ritualism demands toleration. That ceremonies should not be free to conform to doctrines—the symbol to the thing symbolized—would be a puerile and an untenable position. If any change is to be made,—a point on which no judgment is here attempted,—it must be a change altogether. Rites must stand or fall with doctrines.

This result will appear very weak and unsatisfactory to many excellent people, whose peace of mind has been broken just where peace is most valued, by the sight of practices which revolt them, and by the sensational narratives of Ritualistic performances which enliven the papers, whilst the Emperor is not making a new blunder, or the Count re-arranging Europe. It will be hardly more satisfactory to those who, with equal good faith, ascribe great value to the present fashion of church services, or (in some cases) are under the belief that the crowds at St. Alban's indicate a gradual but sure reversion of the Eng-

lish mind towards a mediæval Christianity. They will repudiate the reduction of so much in Ritualism to "mere matter of taste," and that a taste not exclusively ecclesiastical. They will quote well-filled churches, and other proofs of religious activity, to support their faith in the progress of the people to their form of orthodoxy. Such conclusions are natural and inevitable—till we look at the question in the calm light of its history, and with an impartial tenderness to the consciences of those from whom we differ. But a few results of the preceding argument may be added, in the hope that, as they are not so likely to be disputed, they may serve, in some slight degree, to allay the agitation which Ritualism has aroused among its defenders and its antagonists alike.

Supposing that the policy of non-intervention here advocated be the one—as, after all, in this country is not improbable—ultimately pursued; we may find some grounds for anticipating that the movement will shortly present itself in a moderate form. If in a very large measure it may be reduced to a matter of general taste, experience, especially in England, may assure us that the taste for splendour and decoration will be, at no distant time, followed by a reaction in favour of plainness and severity. Indeed, if we may diverge from the narrow subject of this paper into larger political fields, causes are already at work which at least point in this direction. Our recent love of display has rested in no small measure on the immense and rapid increase in national wealth. This increase has rested, again, partly on the energy of our capitalists and workmen, partly on the fact that we have till lately been the chief manufacturers of those common things which are incomparably the greatest sources of wealth, for western Europe and for America. But we can hardly avoid recognizing symptoms, especially within the last two years, which render it probable or possible that this immense increase may not be maintained. Even were we, not warned by all history that no nation long keeps its pre-eminence

in any point of superiority, (purely intellectual superiority perhaps excepted), it would be self-deceit not to note a growing rivalry abroad, as each nation learns inevitably to do for itself what we once did for it; a want of confidence and tone in our employing classes; even, perhaps, a loss in our position, as men of mind and trustworthiness. Without entering here on the proof of these statements, or of the larger causes on which this depression partly depends, it may be enough to draw the inference that we should not unhesitatingly look forward to a perpetuity of doubling our national income every twenty or thirty years. Judging by history, it is not rash to conjecture that we may be near—that we may have even passed—the zenith of prosperity allotted to us during the nineteenth century. And, if this be so, one of the earliest consequences will probably be, a reduction of our free expenditure on the decorative or gorgeous side of life. Art has never been the first love of England.

Another equally plain and prosaic reason to expect moderation in Ritualism, lies in the fact that one main object of its promoters is the laudable object of filling their churches or chapels, by a more lively and interesting style of service. Nor can it fairly be denied, that (putting the extreme section by) the buildings where service is performed to good music, in a stately way, and with the accompaniment of lights and colours, do generally succeed in attractiveness.¹

¹ It is not here assumed that this is an advance; with what seems rational or religious in a good sense, it may also connote one phase of that materialism which is the prevailing tone of the time in several directions; in the attitude of physical science; in the exaggerated reliance upon tangible facts; and in the coarse and violent counsels so common in our politics and our literature. These considerations may suggest some of the wider bearings of "Ritualism." All human controversies have a great as well as a little side; opening avenues, notwithstanding their ostensible narrowness, into vast and hardly soluble questions, as whenever we look up, our eyes always run into the infinite. But the little side, which is almost always that belonging to the matter of controversy itself, is generally the only one in prominent view.

The new forms of public worship unmistakeably fall in with the present popular taste; Ritualism, in this larger sense, is gradually pervading the country, and readers may easily find examples of it within walls where episcopacy meets with no favour. But it is obvious, from the very excitement for which it is the wish of the writer to point out lenitives, that the strongly or Romanistically pronounced mode of service arouses a vast and general dislike. It is hence not a rash inference that those who wish to attract congregations by ceremonialism, when left to themselves, will drop what offends and empties the churches they wish to fill. If not, it is surely equally obvious that their congregations will retaliate by simply leaving them. The remedy is in the hands of the objectors. Is it not enough to remark that this is hardly a country where one can imagine reluctant crowds faithfully attending a service from which they have a conscientious aversion?

Before, however, matters reach this stage in any place, there will be much offence given, horror excited, and every feeling roused but those which people should take to church with them. Some persons will always be found whose convictions lead them to ceremonies, as they lead them to sermons, of a strongly anti-Protestant character. But it may be observed, that if the attempt to limit Ritualism by main force be abandoned, there is then a better chance that these advanced or extreme thinkers will be more ready to listen to the moderating voice of ecclesiastical or lay authorities. Indeed, there is a voice within them, which (as with all men) they are most likely to hear when the noise of antagonist controversy has lulled: nor does it seem fanciful to anticipate that the discovery will be made, that not to offend those who are considered weaker brethren, and to do things decently and in order, are duties paramount to the very strongest impulse towards pictures, incense, elevations, and genuflexions.

Lastly, a more general reflection must not be omitted, which may serve to lift the subject to a higher region than the

somewhat unspiritual and narrow precincts of Ritualism. In an age which would deserve the censures passed on it by grumblers and theorists, were it not critical and inquiring, sceptical and self-conscious, cries of alarm or of satisfaction are constantly raised, that faith is dead or dying, Christianity about to disappear, and the like. As there is a Scottish theologian famous for fixing the end of the world within the next ten years, so there are many able philosophers who, with equal confidence and good faith, announce a rapid extinction of the creed of Christendom. Those who believe in that creed may, indeed, wisely learn from thoughtful antagonists that if it ceases to preserve its hitherto progressive character, and to adapt its expression and aims to the new exigencies of modern life, the spirit may depart from it. Treasures may be more surely lost by burying them than by spending them. Meanwhile, however (to drop matters greater than the subject of this paper), looking again at the present rather than the dim future of civilization, the world goes on, and a new lease, for the last time, has to be granted to it and to Christianity alike by the followers of Cumming and the followers of Comte. Each successive prophecy of final catastrophe is issued with undiminished confidence at the date which should have marked the fulfilment of the former. But, abandoning the sterile field of theological or scientific prediction, and confining our view for brevity's sake to England, whatever weak points may exist in English theology, theological, and practical; whatever indifference and hesitation may lie beneath outward conformity and ceremonialism; whatever intellectual blindness to the demands of the age, critical and scientific, may be urged against ecclesiastical leaders, whether in the English Church or among Nonconformists (points upon which readers will differ very widely), it is at least highly probable that the enormous increase in the activity of all Christian ministers and organized bodies, a few fading sects excepted, carrying with it an immense expenditure of that

which in England is rarely given except under real conviction, implies some corresponding increase in the present religious faith of the country. To doubt this is indeed a high point of scepticism. A man must have immense confidence in his own theory, or immense indifference to what goes on about him, to set aside the evidences of the religious energy of the last fifty years. We see a practical proof of this every day in the conduct of our most sagacious statesmen; we have each of us to acknowledge it in turn (whatever our individual opinions) whenever any question is raised which in any vital sense touches on the doctrine or practice of a religious body. Those points of weakness, apathy, scepticism, and intellectual blindness, just alluded to as noticeable among us, are points familiar to the student who has approached his subject with an open mind, in love neither with theological nor with scientific theories, at every century of ecclesiastical history; they change their colour, but their essential nature now is what it was a thousand years ago: they are among the limitations of "poor humanity."¹ The Church, as one has

¹ In proof of what is here advanced, and as an example of the moderating influence which history, fairly studied, may exert in allaying the causeless panics or unfounded anticipations to which the mind, educated only in the present, is often subject, two passages, each written by men of unusual sense and observation, about a century and a half since, may be subjoined. They suggest the narrow circle within which our ideas move; they may suggest also a reasonable confidence to those who are distressed by two classes of alarm widely prevalent among us. The first is from Daniel de Foe. He is speaking of a "Schism Bill" brought in by Lord Bolingbroke.

"Who are they that at this juncture are clamorous against Dissenters, and are eagerly soliciting for a further security to the Church? Are they not that part of the clergy who have already made manifest advances towards the synagogue of Rome? they who preach the independency of the Church on the State? who urge the necessity of auricular confession, sacerdotal absolution, extreme unction, and prayer for the dead? who expressly teach the real presence in the Lord's Supper, which they will have to be a proper sacrifice?"

Except the phrase "synagogue of Rome," might not this have been an extract from yester-

said, "has seen many latter days:" it is as easy to prophesy her fall as her triumph; it is perhaps even not more unprofitable. If we look upon past and present with equal eyes, accepting facts without attempting to distort them into doctrines, or pervert them into prediction, it is possible that a sane judgment might rather prefer to call this the "Age of Faith" (a title which, however, leaves much to be desired) than those which generally bear the name.

It may be enough here to suggest, as one element in a judgment from which many readers will be inclined to dissent without examination, the vast extension of the European races, and especially of our own; apparently destined, unless some singular catastrophe should occur,

day's "Record"? Turn now to Bishop Butler. His anxiety is in an opposite direction.

"It is come, I know not how, to be taken for granted by many persons, that Christianity is not so much as a subject for inquiry; but that it is, now at length, discovered to be fictitious. And accordingly they treat it, as if, in the present age, this were an agreed point among all people of discernment, and nothing remained, but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule."

Historical students could hardly do a more valuable or a more interesting work than by collecting, in sequence of date, passages showing the chronic recurrence of certain complaints and panics, which have appeared amongst the civilized races from the very beginning of conscious civilization.

within one century, to equal or exceed any other single family upon earth in number. The Christianity which these nations will carry with them will, doubtless, have a colour of its own, and one different from that which we are familiar with; but it is certain that what they now mean to carry with them is Christianity. From this aspect even the comparatively petty question of Ritualism gains importance. This paper, which aims at allaying the heat and anger generated by the controversy, is itself an acknowledgment how deep and strong those convictions are, without which the controversy would not have been excited.

Let us close the discussion with Mr. M. Arnold's fine and thoughtful words:—

Children of men! the unseen Power, whose
eye

For ever doth accompany mankind,
Hath look'd on no religion scornfully
That ever man did find.

Which has not taught weak wills how much
they can?

Which has not fall'n on the dry heart like
rain?

Which has not cried to sunk, self-weary man,
Thou must be born again!

Children of men! not that your age excel
In pride of life the ages of your sires,
But that you think clear, feel deep, bear fruit
well,
The Friend of man desires.

A SOUL IN PRISON.

(The Doubter lays aside his book.)

"Answered a score of times." Oh, looked-for teacher,
Is this all you will teach me? I in the dark
Reaching my hand for you to help me forth
To the happy sunshine where you stand, "Oh shame,
To be in the dark there prisoned!" answer you;
"There are ledges somewhere there by which strong feet
Might scale to daylight. I would lift you out
With just a touch, but that your need's so slight.
There are ledges somewhere." And I grope and strain,
Think I've found footing, and slip baffled back,
Slip, maybe, deeper downwards. "Oh, my guide,
I find no ledges. Help me. Say at least

Where they are placed, that I may know to seek."
But you, in anger, "Nay, wild wilful soul,
Thou wilt rot in the dark, God's sunshine here
At thy prison's very lip. Blame not the guide:
Have I not told thee there is footing for thee?"
And so you leave me, and with even tread
Guide men along the highway . . . where, I think,
They need you less.

Say 'twas my wanton haste
Or my drowsed languor, my too earthward eyes
Watching for hedge flowers, or my too rapt gaze
At the mock sunshine of a sky-born cloud,
That led me, blindling, here: say the black walls
Grew round me while I slept, or that I built
With ignorant hands a temple for my soul
To pray in to herself, and that, for want
Of a window heavenwards, a loathsome night
Of mildew and decay festered upon it,
Till the rotted pillars fell and tombed me in:
Let it so be my fault, whichever way,
Must I be left to die? A murderer
Is helped by holy hands to the byway road
That comes at God through shame; a thief is helped;
A harlot; a sleek cozeners that prays,
Swindles his customers and gives God thanks,
And so to bed with prayers. Let them repent,
Nay let them not repent, you'll say, "These souls
May yet be saved, and make a joy in heaven."
You are thankful you have found them, you whose charge
Is healing sin: but I, hundreds as I,
Whose sorrow 'tis only to long to know,
And know too plainly that we know not yet,
We are beyond your mercies. You pass by
And note the moral of our fate: 'twill point
A Sunday's sermon . . . for we have our use,
Beggarts to placid Christians in their pews—
"Question not, prove not, lest you grow like these."
And then you tell them how we daze ourselves
On problems now so many times resolved
That you'll not re-resolve them, how we crave
New proofs, as once an evil race desired
New signs and could not see, for stubbornness,
Signs given already.

Proofs enough, you say,
Quote precedent, "Hear Moses and the prophets."
I know the answer given across the gulf,
But I know too what Christ did. There were proofs,
Enough for John and Peter, yet He taught
New proofs and meanings to those doubting two
Who sorrowing walked forth to Emmaus
And came back joyful.

"They," you'd answer me,
If you owned my instance, "sorrowed in their doubt,
And did not wholly doubt, and loved."

Oh, men

That read the age's heart in library books
 Wit by our fathers, this is how you know it.
 Do we say, "The old faith is obsolete ;
 The world wags all the better, let us laugh."
 We of to-day ? Why will you not divine
 The fathomless sorrow of doubt ? Why not divine
 The yearning to be lost from it in love ?
 And who doubts wholly ? That were not to doubt.
 Doubt's to be ignorant, not to deny :
 Doubt's to be wistful after perfect faith.
 You will not think that. You come not to us
 To ask of us who know doubt what doubt is,
 But one by one you pass the echoes on,
 Each of his own pulpit, each of all the pulpits,
 And in the swelling sound can never catch
 The tremulous voice of doubt that wails in the cold :
 You make sham thunder for it, outpeal that
 With your own better thunders.

You wise man

And worthy, utter honest in your will,
 I love you and I trust you ; so I thought
 "Here's one whose love keeps measure to belief
 With onward vigorous feet, one quick of sight
 To catch the clue in scholars' puzzle-knots,
 Deft to unweave the coil to one straight thread,
 One strong to grapple vague Protean faith
 And keep her to his heart in one fixed shape
 And living : he comes forward in his strength
 As to a battlefield to answer challenge,
 As in a storm to buffet with the waves
 For shipwrecked men clutching the frothy crests
 And sinking : he is stalwart on my side—
 Mine, who, untrained and weaponless, have warred
 At the powers of unbelief, and am borne down ;
 Mine, who am struggling in the sea for breath."
 I looked to you as the sick man in his pain
 Looks to the doctor whose sharp medicines
 Have the taste of health behind them, looked to you
 For—— Well, for a boon different from this.
 My doctor tells me, "Why, quite long ago
 They knew your fever (or one very like) :
 And they knew remedies, you'll find them named
 In many ancient writers ; let those serve."
 And "Thick on the commons, by the daily roads,
 The herbs are growing that give instant strength
 To palsied limbs like yours, clear such filmed sight.
 You need but eyes to spy them, hands to uproot,
 That's all."

All, truly.

Strong accustomed eyes,

Strong tutored hands, see for me, reach for me !
 But there's a cry like mine rings through the world,
 And no help comes. And with slow severing rasp

At our very heart-roots the toothed question grates,
"Do these who know most not know anything?"

Oh, teachers, will you teach us? Growing, growing,
Like the great river made of little brooks,
Our once unrest swells to a smooth despair:
Stop us those little brooks; you say you can.
Oh, teachers, teach us, you who have been taught;
Learn for us, you who have learned how to learn.
We, jostling, jostled, through the market world
Where our work lies, lack breathing space, lack calm,
Lack skill, lack tools, lack heart, lack everything
For your work of the studies. Such roughed minds
We bring to it as when the ploughman tries
His hard unpliant fingers at the pen;
So toil and smudge, then put the blurred scrawl by,
Unfinished, till next holiday comes round.
Thus maybe I shall die and the blurred scrawl
Be still unfinished where I try to write
Some clear belief, enough to get by heart.

Die still in the dark! Die having lived in the dark!
There's a sort of creeping horror thinking that.
'Tis hard too, for I yearned for light, grew dazed,
Not by my sight's unuse and choice of gloom,
But by too bold a gazing at the sun,
Thinking to apprehend his perfect light
Not darkly through a glass.

Too bold, too bold.
Would I had been appeased with the earth's wont
Of helpful daily sunbeams bringing down
Only so much Heaven's light as may be borne—
Heaven's light enough for many a better man
To see his God by. Well, but it is done:
Never in any day shall I now be
As if I had not gazed and seen strange lights
Swim amid darknesses against the sky.
Never; and, when I dream as if I saw,
'Tis dreaming of the sun, and, when I yearn
In agony to see, still do I yearn,
Not for the sight I had in happier days,
But for the eagle's strong gaze at the sun.

Ah, well! that's after death, if all be true.
Nay, but for me, never, if all be true.
I love not God, because I know Him not,
I do but long to love Him—long and long
With an ineffable great pain of void;—
I cannot say I love Him: that not said,
They of the creeds all tell me I am barred
From the very hope of knowing.

Maybe so;
For daily I know less. 'Tis the old tale
Of men lost in the mouldy vaults of mines

Or dank crypt cemeteries—lamp puffed out,
 Guides, comrades, out of hearing, on and on
 Groping and pushing he makes farther way
 From his goal of open daylight. Best to wait
 Till some one come to seek him. But the strain
 Of such a patience!—and “if no one comes!”
 He cannot wait.

If one could hear a voice,
 “Not yet, not yet: myself have still to find
 What way to guide you forth, but I seek well,
 I have the lamp you lack, I have a chart:
 Not yet; but hope.” So might one strongly bear
 Through the long night, attend with harkening breath
 For the next word, stir not but as it bade.
 Who will so cry to us?

Or is it true
 You could come to us, guide us, but you will not?
 You say it, and not we, teachers of faith;
 Must we believe you? Shall we not more think
 Our doubt is consciousness of ignorance,
 Your faith unconsciousness of ignorance;
 So you know less than we?

My author here,
 Honest at heart, but has your mind a warp—
 The zealot's warp, who takes believed for proved;
 The disciple's warp, who takes all heard for proved;
 The teacher's warp, who takes all taught for proved,
 And cannot think “I know not?” Do you move
 One stumbling-block that bars out souls from Heaven?
 Your back to it, you say, “I see no stone.
 ’Tis a fool's dream, an enemy's false tale
 To hinder passengers.” And I who lean
 Broken against the stone?

Well, learned man,
 I thank you for your book. ’Tis eloquent,
 ’Tis subtle, resolute; I like the roar
 Of the big battling phrases, like those frets
 Of hissing irony—a book to read.
 It helps one too—a sort of evidence—
 To see so strong a mind so strongly clasped
 To creeds whose truth one hopes. What would I more?
 ’Tis a dark world, and no man lights another:
 ’Tis a dark world, and no man sees so plain
 As he believes he sees . . . excepting those
 Who are mere blind and know it.

Here's a man
 Thinks his eyes' stretch can plainly scan out God,
 And cannot plainly scan his neighbour's face—
 He'll make you a hobgoblin, hoofs and horns,
 Of a poor cripple shivering at his door
 Begging a bit of food.

We get no food;
 Stones, stones: but then he but half sees, he throws
 ’Tis honest bread he gives us.

A blind world.
Light! light! oh God, whose other name is Light,
If——

Ay, ay, always *if*. Thought's cursed with *ifs*.
Well, where's my book?—No "ifs" in that, I think.
A readable shrewd book; 'twill win the critics.

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

THE CHAPLET OF PEARLS; OR, THE WHITE AND BLACK RIBAUMONT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF REDCLIFFE."

CHAPTER V.

THE CONVENT BIRD.

"Young knight, whatever that dost armes
professe,
And through long labours hunttest after
fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,
In choice and change of thy beloved dame."
SPENSEN, *Faëry Queene*.

BERENGER's mind was relieved, even while his vanity was mortified, when the Chevalier and his son came the next day to bring him the formal letter requesting the Pope's annulment of his marriage. After he had signed it, it was to be taken to Eustacie, and, so soon as he should attain his twenty-first year he was to dispose of Château Leurre, as well as of his claim to the ancestral castle in Picardy, to his cousin Narcisse, and thus become entirely free to transfer his allegiance to the Queen of England.

It was a very good thing—that he well knew; and he had a strong sense of virtue and obedience, as he formed with his pen the words in all their fullness, Henri Béranger Eustache, Baron de Ribaumont et Seigneur de Leurre. He could not help wondering whether the lady who looked at him so admirably really preferred such a mean-looking little fop as Narcisse, whether she were afraid of his English home and breeding, or whether all this open coquetry were really the court manners of

ladies towards gentlemen, and he had been an absolute simpleton to be flattered. Any way, she would have been a most undesirable wife, and he was well quit of her; but he did feel a certain lurking desire that, since the bonds were cut and he was no longer in danger from her, he might see her again, carry home a mental inventory of the splendid beauties he had renounced, and decide what was the motive that actuated her in rejecting his own handsome self. Meantime, he proceeded to enjoy the amusements and advantages of his sojourn at Paris, of which by no means the least was the society of Philip Sidney, and the charm his brilliant genius imparted to every pursuit they shared. Books at the University, fencing and dancing from the best professors, Italian poetry, French sonnets, Latin epigrams; nothing came amiss to Sidney, the flower of English youth: and Berenger had taste, intelligence, and cultivation enough to enter into all in which Sidney led the way. The good tutor, after all his miseries on the journey, was delighted to write to Lord Walwyn, that, far from being a risk and temptation, this visit was a school in all that was virtuous and comely.

If the good man had any cause of dissatisfaction, it was with the Calvinistic tendencies of the Ambassador's household. Walsingham was always on the Puritanical side of Elisabeth's court, and such an atmosphere as that of Paris,

where the Roman Catholic system was at that time showing more corruption than it has ever done before or since in any other place, naturally threw him into sympathy with the Reformed. The reaction that half a century later filled the Gallican Church with saintliness had not set in ; her ecclesiastics were the tools of a wicked and bloodthirsty court, who hated virtue as much as schism in the men whom they persecuted. The Huguenots were for the most part men whose instincts for truth and virtue had recoiled from the popular system, and thus it was indeed as if piety and morality were arrayed on one side, and superstition and debauchery on the other. Mr. Adderley thus found the tone of the ambassador's chaplain that of far more complete fellowship with the Reformed pastors than he himself was disposed to admit. There were a large number of these gathered at Paris ; for the lull in persecution that had followed the battle of Moncontour had given hopes of a final accommodation between the two parties, and many had come up to consult with the numerous lay nobility who had congregated to witness the King of Navarre's wedding. Among them, Berenger met his father's old friend, Isaac Gardon, who had come to Paris for the purpose of giving his only surviving son in marriage to the daughter of a watchmaker to whom he had for many years been betrothed. By him the youth, with his innocent face and gracious respectful manners, was watched with delight, as fulfilling the fairest hopes of the poor Baron, but the old minister would have been sorely disappointed had he known how little Berenger felt inclined towards his party.

The royal one of course Berenger could not love, but the rigid bareness, and, as he thought, irreverence of the Calvinist, and the want of all forms, jarred upon one used to a ritual which retained much of the ancient form. In the early years of Elizabeth, every possible diversity prevailed in parish churches, according to the predilections of rector and squire ; from forms scarcely altered from those of old times, down to the baldest, rudest

neglect of all rites ; and Berenger, in his country home, had been used to the first extreme. He could not believe that what he heard and saw among the *Sacrémentaires*, as they were called, was what his father had prized ; and he greatly scandalised Sidney, the pupil of Hubert Languet, by openly expressing his distaste and dismay when he found their worship viewed by both Walsingham and Sidney as a model to which the English Protestants ought to be brought.

However, Sidney excused all this as mere boyish distaste to sermons and love of externals, and Berenger himself reflected little on the subject. The aspect of the venerable Coligny, his father's friend, did far more to make him a Huguenot than any discussion of doctrine. The good old Admiral received him affectionately, and talked to him warmly of his father, and the grave, noble countenance and kind manner won his heart. Great projects were on foot, and were much relished by the young King, for raising an army and striking a blow at Spain by aiding the Reformed in the Netherlands ; and Coligny was as ardent as a youth in the cause, hoping at once to aid his brethren, to free the young King from evil influences, and to strike one good stroke against the old national enemy. He talked eagerly to Sidney of alliances with England, and then lamented over the loss of so promising a youth as young Ribaumont to the Reformed cause in France. If the marriage with the heiress could have taken effect, he would have obtained estates near enough to some of the main Huguenot strongholds to be very important, and these would now remain under the power of Narcisse de Ribaumont, a determined ally of the Guise faction. It was a pity, but the Admiral could not blame the youth for obeying the wish of his guardian grandfather ; and he owned, with a sigh, that England was a more peaceful land than his own beloved country. Berenger was a little nettled at this implication, and began to talk of joining the French standard in a campaign in the Netherlands : but when the two young men returned.

to their present home and described the conversation, Walsingham said,—

"The Admiral's favourite project! He would do wisely not to brag of it so openly. The King of Spain has too many in his interest in this place not to be warned, and to be thus further egged on to compass the ruin of Coligny."

"I should have thought," said Sidney, "that nothing could add to his hatred of the Reformed."

"Scarcely," said Walsingham; "save that it is they who hinder the Duke of Guise from being a good Frenchman, and a foe to Spain."

Politics had not developed themselves in Berenger's mind, and he listened inattentively while Walsingham talked over with Sidney the state of parties in France, where natural national enmity to Spain was balanced by the need felt by the Queen-mother of the support of that great Roman Catholic power against the Huguenots; whom Walsingham believed her to dread and hate less for their own sake than from the fear of loss of influence over her son. He believed Charles IX. himself to have much leaning towards the Reformed, but the late victories had thrown the whole court entirely into the power of the Guises, the truly unscrupulous partisans of Rome. They were further inflamed against the Huguenots by the assassination of the last Duke of Guise, and by the violence that had been committed by some of the Reformed party, in especial a massacre of prisoners at Nérac.

Sidney exclaimed that the Huguenots had suffered far worse cruelties.

"That is true," replied Sir Francis, "but, my young friend, you will find, in all matters of reprisals, that a party has no memory for what it may commit, only for what it may receive."

The conversation was interrupted by an invitation to the ambassador's family and guests to a tilting-match and subsequent ball at the Louvre. In the first Berenger did his part with credit; to the second he went feeling full of that strange attraction of repulsion. He knew gentlemen enough in Coligny's suite for it to be likely that he might

remain unperceived among them, and he knew this would be prudent, but he found himself unexpectedly near the ranks of ladies, and smile and gesture absolutely drew him towards his semi-spouse, so that he had no alternative but to lead her out to dance.

The stately measure was trod in silence as usual, but he felt the dark eyes studying him all the time. However, he could bear it better now that the deed was done, and she had voluntarily made him less to her than any gallant parading or mincing about the room.

"So you bear the pearls, Sir?" she said, as the dance finished.

"The only heirloom I shall take with me," he said.

"Is a look at them too great a favour to ask from their jealous guardian?" she asked.

He smiled, half ashamed of his own annoyance at being obliged to place them in her hands. He was sure she would try to cajole him out of them, and by way of asserting his property in them he did not detach them from the band of his black velvet cap, but gave it with them into her hand. She looked at each one, and counted them wistfully.

"Seventeen!" she said; "and how beautiful! I never saw them so near before. They are so becoming to that fair cheek that I suppose no offer from my—my uncle, on our behalf, would induce you to part with them?"

An impulse of open-handed gallantry would have made him answer, "No offer from your uncle, but a simple request from you;" but he thought in time of the absurdity of returning without them, and merely answered, "I have no right to yield them, fair lady. They are the witness to my forefather's fame and prowess."

"Yes, Sir, and to those of mine also," she replied. "And you would take them over to the enemy from whom that prowess extorted them?"

"The country which honoured and rewarded that prowess!" replied Berenger.

She looked at him with an interrogative glance of surprise at the readiness of his answer; then, with half a sigh,

said, "There are your pearls, Sir; I cannot establish our right, though I verily believe it was the cause of our last quarrel;" and she smiled archly.

"I believe it was," he said gravely; but added, in the moment of relief at recovering the precious heirloom, "though it was Diane who inspired you to seize upon them."

"Ah! poor Diane! you sometimes remember her then? If I remember right, you used to agree with her better than with your little spouse, cousin!"

"If I quarrelled with her less, I liked her less," answered Berenger—who, since the act of separation, had not been so guarded in his demeanour, and began to give way to his natural frankness.

"Indeed? Diane would be less gratified than I ought to be. And why, may I ask?"

"Diane was more caressing, but she had no truth."

"Truth! that was what *feu* M. le Baron ever talked of; what Huguenots weary one with."

"And the only thing worth seeking, the real pearl," said Berenger, "without which all else is worthless."

"Ah!" she said, "who would have thought that soft, youthful face could be so severe! You would never forgive a deceit?"

"Never," he said, with the crystal hardness of youth; "or rather, I might forgive; I could never esteem."

"What a bare, rude world yours must be," she said, shivering. "And no weak ones in it! Only the strong can dare to be true."

"Truth is strength!" said Berenger. "For example: I see yonder a face without bodily strength, perhaps, but with perfect candour."

"Ah! some Huguenot girl of Madame Catherine's, no doubt—from the depths of Languedoc, and dressed like a fright."

"No, no; the young girl behind the pale, yellow-haired lady."

"*Comment*, Monsieur. Do you not yet know the young Queen?"

"But who is the young demoiselle!—she with the superb black eyes, and the ruby rose in her black hair?"

"Take care, Sir, do you not know I have still a right to be jealous?" she said, blushing, bridling, and laughing.

But this pull on the cords made him the more resolved; he would not be turned from his purpose. "Who is she?" he repeated, "have I ever seen her before? I am sure I remember that innocent look of *espiglerie*."

"You may see it on any child's face fresh out of the convent; it does not last a month!" was the still displeased, rather jealous answer. "That little thing—I believe they call her Nidemerle—she has only just been brought from her nunnery to wait on the young Queen. Ah! your gaze was perilous, it is bringing on you one of the jests of Madame Marguerite."

With laughter and gaiety, a troop of gentlemen descended on M. de Ribautmont, and told him that Madame Marguerite desired that he should be presented to her. The princess was standing by her pale sister-in-law, Elizabeth of Austria, who looked grave and annoyed at the mischievous mirth flashing in Marguerite's dark eyes.

"M. de Ribautmont," said the latter, her very neck heaving with suppressed fun, "I see I cannot do you a greater favour than by giving you Mademoiselle de Nidemerle for your partner."

Berenger was covered with confusion to find that he had been guilty of such a fixed stare as to bring all this upon the poor girl. He feared that his vague sense of recognition had made his gaze more open than he knew, and he was really and deeply ashamed of this as his worst act of provincial ill-breeding.

Poor little convent maid, with crimson cheeks, flashing eyes, panting bosom, and a neck evidently aching with proud dignity and passion, she received his low bow with a sweeping curtsy, as lofty as her little person would permit.

His cheeks burnt like fire, and he would have found words to apologize, but she cut him short by saying, hastily and low, "Not a word, Monsieur! Let us go through it at once. No one shall make game of us."

He hardly durst look at her again;

but as he went through his own elaborate paces he knew that the little creature opposite was swimming, bending, turning, bounding with the fluttering fierceness of an angry little bird, and that the superb eyes were casting flashes on him that seemed to carry him back to days of early boyhood.

Once he caught a mortified, pleading, wistful glance that made him feel as if he had inflicted a cruel injury by his thoughtless gaze, and he resolved to plead the sense of recognition in excuse; but no sooner was the performance over than she prevented all conversation by saying, "Lead me back at once to the Queen, Sir; she is about to retire." They were already so near that there was not time to say anything; he could only hold as lightly as possible the tiny fingers that he felt burning and quivering in his hand, and then, after bringing her to the side of the chair of state, he was forced to release her with the mere whisper of "Pardon, Mademoiselle;" and the request was not replied to, save by the additional stateliness of her curtsy.

It was already late, and the party was breaking up; but his head and heart were still in a whirl when he found himself seated in the ambassadorial coach, hearing Lady Walsingham's well-pleased rehearsal of all the compliments she had received on the distinguished appearance of both her young guests. Sidney, as the betrothed of her daughter, was property of her own; but she also exulted in the praises of the young Lord de Ribaumont, as proving the excellence of the masters whom she had recommended to remove the rustic clownishness of which he had been accused.

"Nay," said Sir Francis; "whoever called him too clownish for court spake with design."

The brief sentence added to Berenger's confused sense of being in a mist of false play. Could his kinsman be bent on keeping him from court? Could Narcisse be jealous of him? Mademoiselle de Ribaumont was evidently inclined to seek him, and her cousin

might easily think her lands safer in his absence. He would have been willing to hold aloof as much as his uncle and cousin could wish, save for an angry dislike to being duped and cajoled; and, moreover, a strong curiosity to hear and see more of that little passionate bird, fresh from the convent cage. Her gesture and her eyes irresistibly carried him back to old times, though whether to an angry blackbird in the yew-tree alleys at Leurre, or to the eager face that had warned him to save his father, he could not remember with any distinctness. At any rate, he was surprised to find himself thinking so little in comparison about the splendid beauty and winning manners of his discarded spouse, though he quite believed that, now her captive was beyond her grasp, she was disposed to catch at him again, and try to retain him, or, as his titillated vanity might whisper, his personal graces might make her regret the family resolution which she had obeyed.

CHAPTER VI.

FOULLY COZENED.

"I was the more deceived."—*Hamlet*.

THE unhappy Charles IX. had a disposition that in good hands might have achieved great nobleness; and though cruelly bound and trained to evil, was no sooner allowed to follow its natural bent than it reached out eagerly towards excellence. At this moment, it was his mother's policy to appear to leave the ascendancy to the Huguenot party, and he was therefore allowed to contract friendships which deceived the intended victims the more completely, because his admiration and attachment were spontaneous and sincere. Philip Sidney's varied accomplishments and pure lofty character greatly attracted the young King, who had leant on his arm conversing during great part of the ball, and the next morning sent a royal messenger to invite the two young gentlemen to a party at pall-mall in the Tuileries gardens.

Pall-mall was either croquet or its nearest relative, and was so much the fashion that games were given in order to keep up political influence, perhaps, because the freedom of a garden pastime among groves and bowers afforded opportunities for those seductive arts on which Queen Catherine placed so much dependence. The formal gardens, with their squares of level turf and clipped alleys, afforded excellent scope both for players and spectators, and numerous games had been set on foot, from all of which, however, Berenger contrived to exclude himself, in his restless determination to find out the little *Demoiselle de Nidemerle*, or, at least, to discover whether any intercourse in early youth accounted for his undefined sense of remembrance.

He interrogated the first disengaged person he could find, but it was only the young *Abbé de Méricour*, who had been newly brought up from Dauphiné by his elder brother to solicit a benefice, and who knew nobody. To him, ladies were only bright phantoms such as his books had taught him to regard like the temptations of St. Anthony, but whom he actually saw treated with as free admiration by the ecclesiastic as by the layman.

Suddenly a clamour of voices arose on the other side of the closely-clipped wall of limes by which the two youths were walking. There were the clear tones of a young maiden expostulating in indignant distress, and the bantering, indolent determination of a male annoyer.

"Hark!" exclaimed Berenger; "this must be seen to."

"Have a care," returned *Méricour*; "I have heard that a man needs look twice ere meddling."

Scarcely hearing, Berenger strode on as he had done at the last village wake, when he had rescued *Cis of the Down* from the impertinence of a *Dorchester* scrivener. It was a like case, he saw, when breaking through the arch of clipped limes he beheld the little *Demoiselle de Nidemerle*, driven into a corner and standing at bay, with glowing cheeks, flashing eyes, and hands clasped

over her breast, while a young man, dressed in the extreme of foppery, was assuring her that she was the only lady who had not granted him a token—that he could not allow such *pensionnaire* airs, and that now he had caught her he would have his revenge, and win her rose-coloured breastknot. Another gentleman stood by, laughing, and keeping guard in the walk that led to the more frequented part of the gardens.

"Hold!" thundered Berenger.

The assailant had just mastered the poor girl's hand, but she took advantage of his surprise to wrench it away and gather herself up as for a spring, but the *Abbé* in dismay, the attendant in anger, cried out, "Stay—it is *Monsieur*."

"*Monsieur*; be he who he may," exclaimed Berenger, "no honest man can see a lady insulted."

"Are you mad? It is *Monsieur the Duke of Anjou*," said *Méricour*, pouncing on his arm.

"Shall we have him to the guard-house?" added the attendant, coming up on the other side; but *Henri de Valois* waved them both back, and burst into a derisive laugh. "No, no; do you not see who it is? *Monsieur the English Baron* still holds the end of the halter. His sale is not yet made. Come away, *D'O*, he will soon have enough on his hands without us. Farewell, fair lady, another time you will be free of your jealous giant."

So saying, the *Duke of Anjou* strolled off, feigning indifference and contempt, and scarcely heeding that he had been traversed in one of the malicious adventures which he delighted to recount in public before the discomfited victim herself, often with shameful exaggeration.

The girl clasped her hands over her brow with a gesture of dismay, and cried, "Oh! if you have only not touched your sword."

"Let me have the honour of reconducting you, *Mademoiselle*," said Berenger, offering his hand; but after the first sigh of relief, a tempestuous access seized her. She seemed about to dash away his hand, her bosom swelled with

resentment, and with a voice striving for dignity, though choked with strangled tears, she exclaimed, "No, indeed! Had not M. le Baron forsaken me I had never been thus treated!" and her eyes flashed through their moisture.

"Eustacie! You are Eustacie!"

"Whom would you have me to be otherwise? I have the honour to wish M. le Baron a good morning."

"Eustacie! Stay! Hear me! It concerns my honour. I see it is you—but whom have I seen? Who was she?" he cried, half wild with dismay and confusion. "Was it Diane?"

"You have seen and danced with Diane de Ribaumont," answered Eustacie, still coldly; "but what of that? Let me go, Monsieur; you have cast me off already."

"I! when all this has been of your own seeking?"

"Mine?" cried Eustacie, panting with the struggle between her dignity and her passionate tears. "I meddled not. I heard that M. le Baron was gone to a strange land, and had written to break off old ties." Her face was in a flame, and her efforts for composure absolute pain.

"I!" again exclaimed Berenger. "The first letter came from your uncle, declaring that it was your wish!" And as her face changed rapidly, "Then it was not true! He has not had your consent?"

"What! would I hold to one who despised me—who came here and never even asked to see this hated spouse!"

"I did! I entreated to see you. I would not sign the application till—Oh, there has been treachery! And have they made you too sign it?"

"When they showed me your name they were welcome to mine."

Berenger struck his forehead with wrath and perplexity, then cried, joyfully, "It will not stand for a moment. So foul a cheat can be at once exposed. Eustacie, you know—you understand, that it was not you but Diane whom I saw and detested; and no wonder, when she was acting such a cruel treason!"

"Oh no, Diane would never so treat

me," cried Eustacie. "I see how it was! You did not know that my father was latterly called Marquis de Nid-de-Merle, and when they brought me here, they *would* call me after him: they said a maid of honour must be Demoiselle, and my uncle said there was only one way in which I could remain Madame de Ribaumont! And the name must have deceived you. Thou wast always a great dull boy," she added, with a sudden assumption of childish intimacy that annihilated the nine years since their parting.

"Had I seen thee, I had not mistaken for an instant. This little face stirred my heart; hers repelled me. And she deceived me wittingly, Eustacie, for I asked after her by name."

"Ah, she wished to spare my embarrassment. And then her brother must have dealt with her."

"I see," exclaimed Berenger, "I am to be palmed off thus that thou mayst be reserved for Narcisse. Tell me, Eustacie, wast thou willing?"

"I hate Narcisse!" she cried. "But oh, I am lingering too long. Monsieur will make some hateful tale! I never fell into his way before, my Queen and Mme. la Comtesse are so careful. Only to-day, as I was attending her alone, the King came and gave her his arm, and I had to drop behind. I must find her; I shall be missed," she added, in sudden alarm. "Oh, what will they say?"

"No blame for being with thy husband," he answered, clasping her hand. "Thou art mine henceforth. I will soon cut our way out of the web thy treacherous kindred have woven. Meantime——"

"Hush! There are voices," cried Eustacie in terror, and, guided by something he could not discern, she fled with the swiftness of a bird down the alley. Following, with the utmost speed that might not bear the appearance of pursuit, he found that on coming to the turn she had moderated her pace, and was more tranquilly advancing to a bevy of ladies, who sat perched on the stone steps like great butterflies sunning themselves, watching the game, and receiving

the attentions of their cavaliers. He saw her absorbed into the group, and then began to prowling round it, in the alleys, in a tumult of amazement and indignation. He had been shamefully deceived and cheated, and justice he would have ! He had been deprived of a thing of his own, and he would assert his right. He had been made to injure and disown the creature he was bound to protect, and he must console her and compensate to her, were it only to redeem his honour. He never even thought whether he loved her ; he merely felt furious at the wrong he had suffered and been made to commit, and hotly bent on recovering what belonged to him. He might even have plunged down among the ladies and claimed her as his wife, if the young Abbé de Méricour, who was two years older than he and far less of a boy for his years, had not joined him in his agitated walk. He then learnt that all the Court knew that the daughter of the late Marquis de Nid-de-Merle, Comte de Ribamont, was called by his chief title, but that her marriage to himself had been forgotten by some and unknown to others, and thus that the first error between the cousins had not been wonderful in a stranger, since the chevalier's daughter had always been *Mdlle. de Ribamont*. The error once made, Berenger's distaste to Diane had been so convenient that it had been carefully encouraged, and the desire to keep him at a distance from Court and throw him into the background was accounted for. The Abbé was almost as indignant as Berenger, and assured him both of his sympathy and his discretion.

"I see no need for discretion," said Berenger. "I shall claim my wife in the face of the sun."

"Take counsel first, I entreat," exclaimed Méricour. "The Ribamonts have much influence with the Guise family, and now you have offended Monsieur."

"Ah ! where are those traitorous kinsmen !" cried Berenger.

"Fortunately all are gone on an expedition with the Queen-mother. You will have time to think. I have heard

my brother say no one ever prospered who offended the meanest follower of the house of Lorraine."

"I do not want prosperity, I only want my wife. I hope I shall never see Paris and its deceivers again."

"Ah ! but is it true that you have applied to have the marriage annulled at Rome ?"

"We were both shamefully deceived. That can be nothing."

"A decree of his Holiness : you a Huguenot ; she an heiress. All is against you. My friend, be cautious," exclaimed the young ecclesiastic, alarmed by his passionate gestures. "To break forth now and be accused of brawling in the palace precincts would be fatal—fatal—most fatal !"

"I am as calm as possible," returned Berenger. "I mean to act most reasonably. I shall stand before the King and tell him openly how I have been tampered with, demanding my wife before the whole Court."

"Long before you could get so far the ushers would have dragged you away for brawling, or for maligning an honourable gentleman. You would have to finish your speech in the Bastille, and it would be well if even your English friends could get you out alive."

"Why, what a place is this !" began Berenger ; but again Méricour entreated him to curb himself ; and his English education had taught him to credit the house of Guise with so much mysterious power and wickedness, that he allowed himself to be silenced, and promised to take no open measures till he had consulted the Ambassador.

He could not obtain another glimpse of Eustacie, and the hours passed tardily till the break up of the party. Charles could scarcely release Sidney from his side, and only let him go on condition that he should join the next day in an expedition to the hunting château of Montipeau, to which the King seemed to look forward as a great holiday and breathing time.

When at length the two youths did return, Sir Francis Walsingham was completely surprised by the usually

tractable, well-behaved stripling, whose praises he had been writing to his old friend, bursting in on him with the outcry, "Sir, sir, I entreat your counsel! I have been foully cozened."

"Of how much?" said Sir Francis, in a tone of reprobation.

"Of my wife. Of mine honour. Sir, your Excellency, I crave pardon if I spoke too hotly," said Berenger, collecting himself, "but it is enough to drive a man to frenzy."

"Sit down, my Lord de Ribaumont. Take breath, and let me know what is this coil. What hath thus moved him, Mr. Sidney?"

"It is as he says, Sir," replied Sidney, who had heard all as they returned; "he has been greatly wronged. The Chevalier de Ribaumont not only writ to propose the separation without the lady's knowledge, but imposed his own daughter on our friend as the wife he had not seen since infancy."

"There, Sir," broke forth Berenger; "surely if I claim mine own in the face of day, no man can withhold her from me!"

"Hold!" said Sir Francis. "What means this passion, young sir? Methought you came hither convinced that both the religion and the habits in which the young lady had been bred up rendered your infantine contract most unsuitable. What hath fallen out to make this change in your mind?"

"That I was cheated, Sir. The lady who palmed herself off on me as my wife was a mere impostor, the Chevalier's own daughter!"

"That may be; but what know you of this other lady? Has she been bred up in faith or manners such as your parents would have your wife?"

"She is my wife," reiterated Berenger. "My faith is pledged to her. That is enough for me."

Sir Francis made a gesture of despair. "He has seen her, I suppose," said he to Sidney.

"Yes truly, sir," answered Berenger; "and found that she had been as greatly deceived as myself."

"Then mutual consent is wanting," said the statesman, gravely musing.

"That is even as I say," began Berenger, but Walsingham held up his hand, and desired that he would make his full statement in the presence of his tutor. Then sounding a little whistle, the ambassador despatched a page to request the attendance of Mr. Adderley, and recommended young Ribaumont in the meantime to compose himself.

Used to being under authority as Berenger was, the somewhat severe tone did much to allay his excitement, and remind him that right and reason were so entirely on his side, that he had only to be cool and rational to make them prevail. He was thus able to give a collected and coherent account of his discovery that the part of his wife had been assumed by her cousin Diane, and that the signature of both the young pair to the application to the Pope had been obtained on false pretences. That he had, as Sidney said, been foully cozened in both senses of the word, was as clear as daylight; but he was much angered and disappointed to find that neither the ambassador nor his tutor could see that Eustacie's worthiness was proved by the iniquity of her relations, or that any one of the weighty reasons for the expediency of dissolving the marriage was removed. The whole affair had been in such good train a little before, that Mr. Adderley was much distressed that it should thus have been crossed, and thought the new phase of affairs would be far from acceptable at Combe Walwyn.

"Whatever is just and honourable must be acceptable to my grandfather," said Berenger.

"Even so," said Walsingham; "but it were well to consider whether justice and honour require you to overthrow the purpose wherewith he sent you hither."

"Surely, sir, justice and honour require me to fulfil a contract to which the other party is constant," said Berenger, feeling very wise and prudent for calling that wistful, indignant creature the other party.

"That is also true," said the ambassador, "provided she be constant ; but you own that she signed the requisition for the dissolution."

"She did so, but under the same deception as myself, and further mortified and aggrieved at my seeming faithlessness."

"So it may easily be represented," muttered Walsingham.

"How, sir?" cried Berenger, impetuously ; "do you doubt her truth?"

"Heaven forefend," said Sir Francis, "that I should discuss any fair lady's sincerity ! The question is how far you are bound. Have I understood you that you are veritably wedded, not by a mere contract of espousal?"

Berenger could produce no documents, for they had been left at Château Leurre, and on his father's death the Chevalier had claimed the custody of them ; but he remembered enough of the ceremonial to prove that the wedding had been a veritable one, and that only the papal intervention could annul it.

Indeed an Englishman, going by English law, would own no power in the Pope nor any one on earth, to sever the sacred tie of wedlock ; but French courts of law would probably ignore the mode of application, and would certainly endeavour to separate between a Catholic and a heretic.

"I am English, sir, in heart and faith," said Berenger, earnestly. "Look upon me as such, and tell me, am I married or single at this moment?"

"Married assuredly. More's the pity," said Sir Francis.

"And no law of God or man divides us without our own consent." There was no denying that the mutual consent of the young pair at their present age was all that was wanting to complete the inviolability of their marriage contract.

Berenger was indeed only eighteen, and Eustacie more than a year younger, but there was nothing in their present age to invalidate their marriage, for persons of their rank were usually wedded quite as young or younger. Walsingham was only concerned at his old friend's dis-

appointment, and at the danger of the young man running headlong into a connexion probably no more suitable than that with Diane de Ribeaumont would have been. But it was not convenient to argue against the expediency of a man's loving his own wife ; and when Berenger boldly declared he was not talking of love but of justice, it was only possible to insist that he should pause and see where true justice lay.

And thus the much perplexed ambassador broke up the conference with his hot and angry young guest.

"And Mistress Lucy——?" sighed Mr. Adderley, in rather an *inapropos* fashion it must be owned ; but then he had been fretted beyond endurance by his pupil striding up and down his room, reviling Diane, and describing Eustacie, while he was trying to write these uncomfortable tidings to Lord Walwyn.

"Lucy ! What makes you bring her up to me?" exclaimed Berenger. "Little Dolly would be as much to the purpose !"

"Only, sir, no resident at Hurst Walwyn could fail to know what has been planned and desired."

"Pshaw !" cried Berenger ; "have you not heard that it was a mere figment, and that I could scarce have wedded Lucy safely, even had this matter gone as you wish. This is the luckiest chance that could have befallen her."

"That may be," said Mr. Adderley ; "I wish she may think so—sweet young lady !"

"I tell you, Mr. Adderley, you should know better ! Lucy has more sense. My aunt, whom she follows more than any other creature, ever silenced the very sport or semblance of love passages between us even as children, by calling them unseemly in one wedded as I am. Brother and sister we have ever been, and have loved as such—aye, and shall ! I know of late some schemes have crossed my mother's mind—"

"Yea, and that of others."

"But they have not ruffled Lucy's quiet nature—trust me ! And for the

rest? What doth she need of me in comparison of this poor child? She—like a bit of her own grey lavender in the shadiest nook of the walled garden, tranquil there—sure not to be taken there, save to company with fine linen in some trim scented coffer, while this fresh glowing rosebud has grown up pure and precious in the very midst of the foulest corruption Christendom can show, and if I snatch her not from it, I, the only living man who can, look you, in the very bloom of her innocence and sweetness, what is to be her fate? The very pity of a Christian, the honour of a gentleman would urge me, even if it were not my most urgent duty!”

Mr. Adderley argued no more. When Berenger came to his duty in the matter he was invincible, and moreover all the more provoking, because he mentioned it with a sort of fiery sound of relish, and looked so very boyish all the time. Poor Mr. Adderley! feeling as if his trust were betrayed, loathing the very idea of a French Court lady, saw that his pupil had been allured into a headlong passion to his own misery, and that of all whose hopes were set on him, yet preached to by this stripling scholar about duties and sacred obligations! Well might he rue the day he ever set foot in Paris.

Then, to his further annoyance, came a royal messenger to invite the Baron de Ribaumont to join the expedition to Montpipeau. Of course, he must go, and his tutor must be left behind, and who could tell into what mischief he might not be tempted!

Here, however, Sidney gave the poor chaplain some comfort. He believed that no ladies were to be of the party, and that the gentlemen were chiefly of the King's new friends among the Huguenots, such as Coligny, his son-in-law Teligny, Rochefoucauld, and the like, among whom the young gentleman could not fall into any very serious harm, and might very possibly be influenced against a Roman Catholic wife. At any rate, he would be out of the way, and unable to take any dangerous steps.

This same consideration so annoyed Berenger that he would have declined the invitation, if royal invitations could have been declined. And in the morning, before setting out, he dressed himself, point device, and with Osbert behind him marched down to the Croix de Lorraine, to call upon the Chevalier de Ribaumont. He had a very fine speech at his tongue's end when he set out, but a good deal of it had evaporated when he reached the hotel, and perhaps he was not very sorry not to find the old gentleman within.

On his return, he indited a note to the Chevalier, explaining that he had now seen his wife, Madame la Baronne de Ribaumont, and had come to an understanding with her, by which he found that it was under a mistake that the application to the Pope had been signed, and that they should, therefore, follow it up with a protest, and act as if no such letter had been sent.

Berenger showed this letter to Walsingham, who, though much concerned, could not forbid his sending it. “Poor lad,” he said to the tutor; “’tis an excellently writ billet for one so young. I would it were in a wiser cause. But he has fairly the bit between his teeth, and there is no checking him while he has this show of right on his side.”

And poor Mr. Adderley could only beseech Mr. Sidney to take care of him.

CHAPTER VII.

THE QUEEN'S PASTORAL.

“Either very gravely gay,
Or very gaily grave.”

W. M. PRAED.

MONTPIPEAU, though in the present day a suburb of Paris, was in the sixteenth century far enough from the city to form a sylvan retreat, where Charles IX. could snatch a short respite from the intrigues of his Court, under pretext of enjoying his favourite sport. Surrounded with his favoured associates of the Huguenot party, he seemed to breathe a

purser atmosphere, and to yield himself up to enjoyment greater than perhaps his sad life had ever known.

He rode among his gentlemen, and the brilliant cavalcade passed through poplar-shaded roads, clattered through villages, and threaded their way through bits of forest still left for the royal chase. The people thronged out of their houses, and shouted not only "Vive le Roy," but "Vive l'Amiral," and more than once the cry was added, "Spanish war, or civil war!" The heart of France was, if not with the Reformed, at least against Spain and the Lorrainers, and Sidney perceived, from the conversation of the gentlemen round him, that the present expedition had been devised less for the sake of the sport, than to enable the King to take measures for emancipating himself from the thralldom of his mother, and engaging the country in a war against Philip II. Sidney listened, but Berenger chafed, feeling only that he was being further carried out of reach of his explanation with his kindred, and thus they arrived at Montpipeau, a tower, tall and narrow, like all French designs, but expanded on the ground floor by wooden buildings capable of containing the numerous train of a royal hunter, and surrounded by an extent of waste land, without fine trees, though with covert for deer, boars, and wolves sufficient for sport to royalty and death to peasantry. Charles seemed to sit more erect in his saddle, and to drink in joy with every breath of the thyme-scented breeze, from the moment his horse bounded on the hollow-sounding turf; and when he leapt to the ground, with the elastic spring of youth, he held out his hands to Sidney and to Teligny, crying "Welcome, my friends. Here I am indeed a king!"

It was a lovely summer evening early in August, and Charles bade the supper to be spread under the elms that shaded a green lawn in front of the château. Etiquette was here so far relaxed as to permit the sovereign to dine with his suite, and tables, chairs, and benches were brought out, drapery festooned in

the trees to keep off sun and wind, the King lay down in the fern and let his happy dogs fondle him, and as a herd-girl passed along a vista in the distance, driving her goats before her, Philip Sidney marvelled whether it was not even thus in Arcadia.

Presently there was a sound of horses trampling, wheels moving, a party of gaily gilded archers of the guard jingled up, and in their midst was a coach. Berenger's heart seemed to leap at once to his lips, as a glimpse of ruffs, hats, and silks dawned on him through the windows.

The King rose from his lair among the fern, the Admiral stood forward, all heads were bared, and from the coach-door alighted the young Queen; no longer pale, subdued, and indifferent, but with a face shining with girlish delight, as she held out her hand to the Admiral. "Ah! this is well, this is beautiful," she exclaimed; "it is like our happy chaces in the Tyrol. Ah, Sire!" to the King, "how I thank you for letting me be with you."

After her Majesty, descended her gentleman-usher. Then came the lady-in-waiting, Madame de Sauve, the wife of the state secretary in attendance on Charles, and a triumphant, coquettish beauty, then a fat, good-humoured Austrian dame, always called Madame la Comtesse, because her German name was unpronounceable, and without whom the Queen never stirred, and lastly a little figure, rounded yet slight, slender yet soft and plump, with a kitten-like alertness and grace of motion, as she sprang out, collected the Queen's properties of fan, kerchief, pouncet-box, mantle, &c., and disappeared into the château, without Berenger's being sure of anything but that her little black hat had a rose-coloured feather in it.

The Queen was led to a chair placed under one of the largest trees, and there Charles presented to her such of his gentlemen as she was not yet acquainted with, the Baron de Ribaumont among the rest.

"I have heard of M. de Ribaumont," she said, in a tone that made the colour

mantle in his fair cheek, and with a sign of her hand she detained him at her side till the King had strolled away with Madame la Sauve, and no one remained near but her German countess. Then, changing her tone to one of confidence, which the highbred homeliness of her Austrian manner rendered inexpressibly engaging, she said, "I must apologize, monsieur, for the giddiness of my sister-in-law, which I fear caused you some embarrassment."

"Ah, madame," said Berenger, kneeling on one knee as she addressed him, and his heart bounding with wild, undefined hope; "I cannot be grateful enough. It was that which led to my being undeceived."

"It was true, then, that you were mistaken?" said the Queen.

"Treacherously deceived, madame, by those whose interest it is to keep us apart," said Berenger, colouring with indignation; "they imposed my other cousin on me as my wife, and caused her to think me cruelly neglectful."

"I know," said the Queen. "Yet Mlle. de Ribaumont is far more admired than my little blackbird."

"That may be, madame, but not by me."

"Yet is it true that you came to break off the marriage?"

"Yes, madam," said Berenger, honestly, "but I had not seen her."

"And now?" said the Queen, smiling.

"I would rather die than give her up," said Berenger. "Oh, madame, help us of your grace. Everyone is trying to part us; everyone is arguing against us, but she is my own true wedded wife, and if you will but give her to me, all will be well."

"I like you, M. de Ribaumont," said the Queen, looking him full in the face. "You are like our own honest Germans at my home, and I think you mean all you say. I had much rather my dear little Nid-de-Merle were with you than left here, to become like all the others. She is a good little *Liebling*,—how do you call it in French? She has told me all, and truly I would help you with all my heart, but it is not as if I were the

Queen-mother. You must have recourse to the King, who loves you well, and at my request included you in the hunting-party."

Berenger could only kiss her hand in token of earnest thanks, before the repast was announced, and the King came to lead her to the table spread beneath the trees. The whole party supped together, but Berenger could have only a distant view of his little wife, looking very demure and grave by the side of the Admiral.

But when the meal was ended, there was a loitering in the woodland paths, amid heathy openings or glades trimmed into discreet wildness fit for royal rusticity; the sun set in parting glory on one horizon, the moon rising in crimson majesty on the other. A musician at intervals touched the guitar, and sang Spanish or Italian airs, whose soft or quaint melody came dreamily through the trees. Then it was that with beating heart Berenger stole up to the maiden as she stood behind the Queen, and ventured to whisper her name and clasp her hand.

She turned, their eyes met, and she let him lead her apart into the wood. It was not like a lover's tryst, it was more like the continuation of their old childish terms, only that he treated her as a thing of his own, that he was bound to secure and to guard, and she received him as her own lawful but tardy protector, to be treated with perfect reliance but with a certain playful resentment.

"You will not run away from me now," he said, making full prize of her hand and arm.

"Ah! is not she the dearest and best of queens?" and the large eyes were lifted up to him in such frank seeking of sympathy that he could see into the depths of their clear darkness.

"It is her doing, then. Though, Eustacie, when I knew the truth, not flood nor fire should keep me long from you, my heart, my love, my wife."

"What! wife in spite of those villainous letters?" she said, trying to pout.

"Wife for ever, inseparably. Only you must be able to swear that you

knew nothing of the one that brought me here."

"Poor me! No, indeed! There was Céline carried off at fourteen, Madame de Blanchet a bride at fifteen; all marrying hither and thither; and I—" she pulled a face irresistibly droll—"I growing old enough to dress St. Catherine's hair, and wondering where was M. le Baron."

"They thought me too young," said Berenger, "to take on me the cares of life."

"So they were left to me?"

"Cares! what cares have you but finding the Queen's fan?"

"Little you know!" she said, half contemptuous, half mortified.

"Nay, pardon me, *ma mie*. Who has troubled you?"

"Ah! you would call it nothing to be beset by Narcisse; to be told one's husband is faithless, till one half believes it; to be looked at by ugly eyes; to be liable to be teased any day by Monsieur, or worse, by that mocking ape, M. d'Alençon, and to have nobody who can or will hinder it."

She was sobbing by this time, and he exclaimed, "Ah, would that I could revenge all! Never, never shall it be again! What blessed grace has guarded you through all?"

"Did I not belong to you?" she said exultingly. "And had not Sister Monique, yes, and M. le Baron striven hard to make me good? Ah, how kind he was!"

"My father? Yes, Eustacie, he loved you to the last. He bade me, on his deathbed, give you his own Book of Psalms, and tell you he had always loved and prayed for you."

"Ah! his Psalms! I shall love them! Even at Bellaise, when first we came there, we used to sing them, but the Mother Abbess went out visiting, and when she came back she said they were heretical. And Sœur Monique would not let me say the texts he taught me, but I *would* not forget them. I say them often in my heart."

"Then," he cried joyfully, "you will willingly embrace my religion?"

"Be a Huguenot!" she said distastefully.

"I am not precisely a Huguenot; I do not love them," he answered hastily, "but all shall be made clear to you at my home in England."

"England!" she said. "Must we live in England? Away from everyone?"

"Ah, they will love you so much! I shall make you so happy there," he answered. "There you will see what it is to be true and trustworthy."

"I had rather live at Château Leurre, or my own Nid-de-Merle," she replied. "There I should see Sœur Monique, and my aunt, the Abbess, and we would have the peasants to dance in the castle-court. Oh! if you could but see the orchards at le Bocage, you would never want to go away. And we could come now and then to see my dear Queen."

"I am glad at least you would not live at Court."

"Oh, no, I have been more unhappy here than ever I knew could be borne."

And a very few words from him drew out all that had happened to her since they parted. Her father had sent her to Bellaise, a convent founded by the first of the Angevin branch, which was presided over by his sister, and where Diane was also educated. The good sister Monique had been mistress of the *pensionnaires*, and had evidently taken much pains to keep her charge innocent and devout. Diane had been taken to Court about two years before, but Eustacie had remained at the convent till some three months since, when she had been appointed Maid of Honour to the recently-married Queen; and her uncle had fetched her from Anjou, and had informed her at the same time that her young husband had turned Englishman and heretic, and that after a few formalities had been complied with, she would become the wife of her cousin, Narcisse. Now there was no person whom she so much dreaded as Narcisse, and when Berenger spoke of him as a feeble fop, she shuddered as though she knew him to have something of the tiger.

"Do you remember Bénédict?" she said, "poor Bénédict, who came to Nor-

mandy as my *laquais*? When I went back to Anjou he married a girl from Leurre, and went to aid his father at the farm. The poor fellow had imbibed the Baron's doctrine—he spread it. It was reported that there was a nest of Huguenots on the estate. My cousin came to break it up with his gendarmes. O Berenger, he would hear no entreaties, he had no mercy; he let them assemble on Sunday, that they might be all together. He fired the house; shot down those who escaped: if a prisoner were made, gave him up to the Bishop's Court. Bénéoit, my poor good Bénéoit, who used to lead my palfrey, was first wounded, then tried, and burnt—burnt in the *place* at Luçon! I heard Narcisse laugh—laugh as he talked of the cries of the poor creatures in the conventicle. My own people, who loved me! I was but twelve years old, but even then the wretch would pay me a half-mocking courtesy, as one destined to him; and the more I disdained him and said I belonged to you, the more both he and my aunt, the Abbess, smiled, as though they had their bird in a cage; but they left me in peace till my uncle brought me to Court, and then all began again: and when they said you gave me up, I had no hope, not even of a convent. But ah, it is all over now, and I am so happy! You are grown so gentle and so beautiful, Berenger, and so much taller than I ever figured you to myself, and you look as if you could take me up in your arms, and let no harm ever happen to me."

"Never, never shall it," said Berenger, feeling all manhood, strength, and love stir within him, and growing many years in heart in that happy moment. "My sweet little faithful wife, never fear again, now you are mine."

Alas! poor children. They were a good way from the security they had begun to fancy for themselves. Early the next morning, Berenger went in his straightforward way to the King, thanked him, and requested his sanction for at once producing themselves to the Court as Monsieur and Madame la Baronne de Ribaultmont.

At this Charles swore a great oath, as one in perplexity, and bade him not go so fast.

"See here," said he, with the rude expletives only too habitual with him; "she is a pretty little girl, and she and her lands are much better with an honest man like you than with that *pendard* of a cousin; but you see he is bent on having her, and he belongs to a cut-throat crew that halt at nothing! I would not answer for your life, if you tempted him so strongly to rid himself of you."

"My own sword, sire, can guard my life."

"Plague upon your sword! What does the foolish youth think it would do against half-a-dozen poniards and pistols in a lane black as hell's mouth?"

The foolish youth *was* thinking how could a king so full of fiery words and strange oaths bear to make such an avowal respecting his own capital and his own courtiers. All he could do was to bow and reply, "Nevertheless, sire, at whatever risk, I cannot relinquish my wife; I would take her at once to the ambassador's."

"How! sir!" interrupted Charles, haughtily and angrily, "if you forget that you are a French nobleman still, I should remember it! The ambassador may protect his own countrymen—none else."

"I entreat your Majesty's pardon," said Berenger, anxious to retract his false step. "It was your goodness and the gracious Queen's that made me hope for your sanction."

"All the sanction Charles de Valois can give is yours, and welcome," said the King, hastily. "The sanction of the King of France is another matter! To say the truth, I see no way out of the affair but an elopement."

"Sire!" exclaimed the astonished Berenger, whose strictly-disciplined education had little prepared him for such counsel.

"Look you! If I made you known as a wedded pair, the Chevalier and his son would not only assassinate you, but down on me would come my brother,

and my mother, and M. de Guise, and all their crew, veritably for giving the prize out of the mouth of their satellite, but nominally for disregarding the Pope, favouring a heretical marriage, and I know not what, but, as things go here, that I should assuredly get the worst of it; but if you made safely off with your prize, no one could gainsay you—I need know nothing about it—and lady and lands would be yours without dispute. You might ride off from the skirts of the forest; I would lead the hunt that way, and the three days' riding would bring you to Normandy, for you had best cross to England immediately. When she is once there, owned by your kindred, Monsieur le cousin may gnash his teeth as he will, he must make the best of it for the sake of the honour of his house, and you can safely come back and raise her people and yours to follow the Oriflamme when it takes the field against Spain. What? you are still discontented! Speak out! Plain speaking is a treat not often reserved for me."

"Sire, I am most grateful for your kindness, but I should greatly prefer going straightforward."

"Peste! Well is it said that a blundering Englishman goes always right before him! There, then! As your King on the one hand, as the friend who has brought you and your wife together, sir, it is my command that you do not compromise me and embroil greater matters than you can understand by publicly claiming this girl. Privately I will aid you to the best of my ability; publicly, I command you, for my sake, if you heed not your own, to be silent!"

Berenger sought out Sidney, who smiled at his surprise.

"Do you not see," he said, "that the King is your friend, and would be very glad to save the lady's lands from the Guisards, but that he cannot say so; he can only befriend a Huguenot by stealth."

"I would not be such a king for worlds!"

However, Eustacie was enchanted.

It was like a prince and princess in Mère Perinne's fairy tales. Could they go like a shepherd—and shepherdess? She had no fears—no scruples. Would she not be with her husband? It was the most charming frolic in the world. So the King seemed to think it, though he was determined to call it all the Queen's doing—the first intrigue of her own, making her like all the rest of us—the Queen's little comedy. He undertook to lead the chase as far as possible in the direction of Normandy, when the young pair might ride on to an inn, meet fresh horses, and proceed to Château Leurre, and thence to England. He would himself provide a safe conduct, which, as Berenger suggested, would represent them as a young Englishman taking home his young wife. Eustacie wanted at least to masquerade as an English woman, and played off all the fragments of the language she had caught as a child, but Berenger only laughed at her, and said they just fitted the French bride. It was very pretty to laugh at Eustacie; she made such a droll pretence at pouting with her rosebud lips, and her merry velvety eyes belied them so drolly.

Such was to be the Queen's pastoral; but when Elisabeth found the responsibility so entirely thrown on her, she began to look grave and frightened. It was no doubt much more than she had intended when she brought about the meeting between the young people, and the King, who had planned the elopement, seemed still resolved to make all appear her affair. She looked all day more like the grave, spiritless being she was at Court than like the bright young rural queen of the evening before, and she was long in her little oratory chapel in the evening. Berenger, who was waiting in the hall with the other Huguenot gentlemen, thought her devotions interminable since they delayed all her ladies. At length, however, a page came up to him, and said in a low voice, "The Queen desires the presence of M. le Baron de Ribaumont."

He followed the messenger, and found himself in the little chapel, before a

gaily-adorned altar, and numerous little shrines and niches round. Sidney would have dreaded a surreptitious attempt to make him conform, but Berenger had no notion of such perils,—he only saw that Eustacie was standing by the Queen's chair; the King sat carelessly, perhaps a little sullenly, in another chair, and a kindly-looking Austrian priest, the Queen's confessor, held a book in his hand.

The Queen came to meet him. "For my sake," she said, with all her sweetness, "to ease my mind, I should like to see my little Eustacie made entirely your own ere you go. Father Meinhard tells me it is safer that, when the parties were under twelve years old, the troth should be again exchanged. No other ceremony is needed."

"I desire nothing but to have her made indissolubly my own," said Berenger, bowing.

"And the King permits," added Elisabeth.

The King growled out, "It is your comedy, Madame; I meddle not."

The Austrian priest had no common language with Berenger but Latin. He asked a few questions, and on hearing the answers, declared that the sacrament of marriage had been complete, but that—as was often done in such cases—he would once more hear the troth-plight of the young pair. The brief formula was therefore at once exchanged—the King, when the Queen looked entreatingly at him, rousing himself to make the bride over to Berenger. As soon as the vows had been made, in the briefest manner the King broke in boisterously: "There, you are twice married, to please Madame there; but hold your tongues all of you about this scene in the play."

Then almost pushing Eustacie over to Berenger, he added, "There she is; take your wife, sir: but mind, she was as much yours before as she is now."

But for all Berenger had said about "his wife," it was only now that he really *felt* her his own, and became husband rather than lover—man instead of boy. She was entirely his own now,

and he only desired to be away with her; but some days' delay was necessary. A chase on the scale of the one that was to favour their evasion could not be got up without some notice; and, moreover, it was necessary to procure money, for neither Sidney nor Ribaumont had more than enough with them for the needful liberalities to the King's servants and huntsmen. Indeed Berenger had spent all that remained in his purse upon the wares of an Italian pedlar whom he and Eustacie met in the woods, and whose gloves "as sweet as fragrant posies," fans, scent-boxes, pocket mirrors, Genoa wire, Venice chains, and other toys, afforded him the means of making up the gifts that he wished to carry home to his sisters; and Eustacie's counsel was merrily given in the choice. And when the vendor began with a meaning smile to recommend to the young pair themselves a little silver-netted heart as a love-token, and it turned out that all Berenger's money was gone, so that it could not be bought without giving up the scented casket destined for Lucy, Eustacie turned with her sweetest, proudest smile, and said, "No, no, I will not have it; what do we two want with love-tokens now?"

Sidney had taken the youthful and romantic view of the case, and considered himself to be taking the best possible care of his young friend, by enabling him to deal honourably with so charming a little wife as Eustacie. Ambassador and tutor would doubtless be very angry; but Sidney could judge for himself of the lady, and he therefore threw himself into her interests, and sent his servant back to Paris to procure the necessary sum for the journey of Master Henry Berenger and Mistress Mary, his wife. Sidney was, on his return alone to Paris, to explain all to the elders, and pacify them as best he could; and his servant was already the bearer of a letter from Berenger that was to be sent at once to England with Walsingham's despatches, to prepare Lord Walwyn for the arrival of the runaways. The poor boy laboured to be impressively calm and reasonable in

his explanation of the misrepresentation, and of his strong grounds for assuming his rights, with his persuasion that his wife would readily join the English Church—a consideration that he knew would greatly smoothe the way for her. Indeed, his own position was impregnable: nobody could blame him for taking his own wife to himself, and he was so sure of her charms, that he troubled himself very little about the impression she might make on his kindred. If they loved her, it was all right; if not, he could take her back to her own castle, and win fame and honour under the banner of France in the Low Countries. As to Lucy Thistlewood, she was far too discreet to feel any disappointment or displeasure; or if she should, it was her own fault and that of his mother, for all her life she had known him to be married. So he finished his letter with a message that the bells should be ready to ring, and that when Philip heard three guns fired on the coast, he might light the big beacon pile above the Combe.

Meantime "the Queen's Pastoral" was much relished by all the spectators. The state of things was only avowed to Charles, Elisabeth, and Philip Sidney, and even the last did not know of the renewed troth which the King chose to treat as such a secret; but no one had any doubt of the mutual relations of M. de Ribamont and Mlle. de Nid-de-Merle, and their dream of bliss was like a pastoral for the special diversion of the holiday of Montpipeau. The transparency of their indifference in company, their meeting eyes, their trysts with the secrecy of an ostrich, were the subjects of constant amusement to the elders, more especially as the shyness, blushes, and caution were much more on the side of the young husband than on that of the lady. Fresh from her convent, simple with childishness and innocence, it was to her only the natural completion of her life to be altogether Berenger's, and the brief concealment of their full union only added a certain romantic enchantment, which added to her exultation in her victory over her

cruel kindred. She had been upon her own mind, poor child, for her few weeks of Court life, but not long enough to make her grow older, though just so long as to make the sense of having her own protector with her doubly precious. He, on the other hand, though full of happiness, did also feel constantly deepening on him the sense of the charge and responsibility he had assumed, hardly knowing how. The more dear Eustacie became to him, the more she rested on him and became entirely his, the more his boyhood and *insouciance* drifted away behind him; and while he could hardly bear to have his darling a moment out of his sight, the less he could endure any remark or jest upon his affection for her. His home had been a refined one, where Cecily's convent purity seemed to diffuse an atmosphere of modest reserve such as did not prevail in the Court of the Maiden Queen herself, and the lad of eighteen had not seen enough of the outer world to have rubbed off any of that grace. His seniority to his little wife seemed to show itself chiefly in his being put out of countenance for her, when she was too innocent and too proud of her secret matronhood to understand or resent the wit.

Little did he know that this was the ballet-like interlude in a great and terrible tragedy, whose first act was being played out on the stage where they schemed and sported, like their own little drama, which was all the world to them, and nothing to the others. Berenger knew indeed that the Admiral was greatly rejoiced that the Nid-de-Merle estates should go into Protestant hands, and that the old gentleman lost no opportunity of impressing on him that they were a heavy trust, to be used for the benefit of "the Religion," and for the support of the King in his better mind. But it may be feared that he did not give a very attentive ear to all this. He did not like to think of those estates; he would gladly have left them all to Narcisse, so that he might have their lady, and though quite willing to win his spurs under Charles and Coligny

against the Spaniard, his heart and head were far too full to take in the web of politics. Sooth to say, the elopement in prospect seemed to him infinitely more important than Pope or Spaniard, Guise or Huguenot, and Coligny observed with a sigh to Teligny that he was a good boy, but nothing but the merest boy, with eyes open only to himself.

When Charles undertook to rehearse their escape with them, and the Queen drove out in a little high-wheeled litter with Mme. la Comtesse, while Mme. de Sauve and Eustacie were mounted on gay palfreys with the pommel saddle, lately invented by the Queen-mother, Berenger, as he watched the fearless horsemanship and graceful bearing of his newly-won wife, had no speculations to spend on the thoughtful face of the Admiral. And when at the outskirts of the wood the King's bewildering hunting-horn—sounding as it were now here, now there, now low, now high—called every attendant to hasten to its summons, leaving the young squire and damsel errant with a long winding high-banked lane before them, they reckoned the dispersion to be all for their sakes, and did not note, as did Sidney's clear eye, that when the entire company had come straggling home, it was the King who came up with Mme. de Sauve almost the last; and a short space after, as if not to appear to have been with him, appeared the Admiral and his son-in-law.

Sidney also missed one of the Admiral's most trusted attendants, and from this and other symptoms he formed his conclusions that the King had scattered his followers as much for the sake of an unobserved conference with Coligny as for the convenience of the lovers, and that letters had been despatched in consequence of that meeting.

Those letters were indeed of a kind to change the face of affairs in France. Marshal Strozzi, then commanding in the south-west, was bidden to embark at La Rochelle in the last week of August, to hasten to the succour of the Prince of Orange against Spain, and letters were despatched by Coligny to all the Huguenot partisans bidding them assemble at Melun on the 3d of September, when they would be in the immediate neighbourhood of the Court, which was bound for Fontainebleau. Was the star of the Guises indeed waning? Was Charles about to escape from their hands, and commit himself to an honest, high-minded policy, in which he might have been able to purify his national Church, and win back to her those whom her corruptions had driven to seek truth and morality beyond her pale?

Alas! there was a bright pair of eyes that saw more than Philip Sidney's, a pair of ears that heard more, a tongue and pen less faithful to guard a secret.

To be continued.

"THE NILE TRIBUTARIES OF ABYSSINIA." ¹

BY THOMAS HUGHES, M.P.

WE had almost called this very delightful volume, in the outset of such remarks as we have to make upon it,

¹ The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia, and the Sword-Hunters of the Hamran Arabs. By Sir Samuel White Baker, M.A. F.R.G.S. Macmillan and Co.

a sporting book. Indeed, it carries the usual marks of the species on the very face of it. On the cover there is an elephant lumbering at full speed after Sir Samuel, crouched on the neck of his famous hunter Tetel. Almost all the illustrations in the book itself are of

moving incidents of the chase. You cannot dip into the narrative for five minutes without having cause, with its master, to rejoice over some performance of his favourite rifle, the "little Fletcher, No. 24;" and in no other book that we remember are the deaths of mighty beasts more graphically told. But, for all that, the book is not a sporting book, though the work of a true sportsman, and we beg Sir Samuel's pardon for the injustice we had so nearly done him.

A "sportsman" is about as like a "sporting man" as a chestnut horse is like a horse chestnut, and it is "sporting men" who have come to the front within the last few years, and sporting literature has been "hot in the mouth" ever since. Sport! alas the day! The word seems to have come to mean, with this generation, consorting with "legs" and getting into the grasp of Jews; or two breech-loaders, and a keeper close behind, to take even the exertion of loading off the hands of the chief performer, a luxurious meal in the middle of the day, and a station in the grass ride of a wood, where, with a cigar in his mouth, a man may shoot hares, fat with the farmer's corn, till they lie in a heap, and pheasants which were brought up round the keeper's house, and know him so well that they run towards instead of away from him, and can hardly be kicked up by the beaters. The very grouse are said to be dying of over-crowding, and even deer-stalking is made easy for our *jeunesse dorée* by all manner of devices. The huge bags, the result of these doings, are, as a rule, sent to the family fish-monger and poulterer, and their cost price forms a satisfactory item on the credit side in the year's accounts. To such a pass has "sport," so-called, come in these islands; and apparently no doubt comes across the minds of those who cultivate it but that even in its present form it is a manly occupation, and healthy for mind and body. And in this belief, year by year, they take more and more strapping young labourers away from productive industry for keepers and watchers, and the price

of pheasants' eggs goes steadily up, and the bags get larger and larger, and it is taken for granted in polite society that all is as it should be in this best of worlds, and that game, reared in the homestead and fed by the farmers, is one of those Conservative institutions upon which England's welfare mainly depends, and which the people reverence from the bottom of their hearts.

However, our business at present is not with the sham English, but with the genuine wild article; and a better specimen of the true "sportsman" than Sir S. Baker we are not likely to meet with on any continent. True, the instinct of sport is so strong in him that he cannot resist pitting his brains and strength against those of every animal that travels on four legs, apart from the question whether the victory will give him a carcass which he can turn to any account. But when once he has conquered there is no mere desire for blood, no lust of slaying for its own sake, which nauseates one in Gordon Cumming, and men of that stamp. To illustrate our meaning, take the death of the wild ass (p. 56). Sir Samuel describes the creature in his native desert with enthusiasm. He stands from thirteen to fourteen hands high; his colour is a "reddish cream" of the prevalent tint of the ground he inhabits; he is "the perfection of activity and courage," poor Neddy, as he stands there sniffing the desert air, and looking as God meant him to look: "there is a high-bred tone "in his deportment, a high-acted "step when he trots freely over the "rocks and sand, or, with the speed of "a horse, gallops over the boundless "desert."—"I had to exert my utmost "knowledge of stalking to obtain a shot "at the male. After at least an hour "and a half I succeeded in obtaining a "long shot with a single rifle, which "passed through the shoulder, and I "obtained my first and last donkey. "It was with extreme regret that I saw "my beautiful prize in the last gasp, "and I resolved never to fire another "shot at one of its race." Or, again,

the admiring sketch of the gazelle (pp. 48, 49), summed up with: "Altogether it is the most beautiful specimen of game which exists, far too lovely and harmless to be hunted and killed for the mere love of sport. But when dinner depends on the rifle, beauty is no protection; accordingly throughout our desert march we lived on gazelles, and I am sorry to confess that I became very expert at stalking these wary little animals." Even the excellent hippo, a beast for whom one's liking grows the more one knows of him, was never slain wantonly, scarcely without regret, after the novelty of bagging him wore off; and this, notwithstanding his great value to the tribes amongst whom the hunter was dwelling, and whose good will it was so desirable to obtain by supplies of meat so cheaply obtained. In short, Sir Samuel never shoots for the bag, or, as he himself says, "to waste," but only for the pot, or for scientific purposes; delights in encounters with the wariest and most dangerous beasts; and gives away his game like an old-fashioned English gentleman.

There are two other characteristics of a royal hunter which can scarcely fail to strike the most careless reader of this book, and these are, his contempt for lions, and his cordial and generous admiration for rival sportsmen. The king of beasts goes roaring unnoticed round his encampment for weeks together, but scarcely ever tempts him to go a mile out of his way, or to pull a trigger. We have just parenthetical accounts of the deaths of two lions, and no more, and Baker's estimate of them may be gathered from the passage descriptive of his delight at coming upon the lion and unicorn in the British arms over the consulate at Khartoum, after a long year's sojourn in the desert, "not such a lion as I had been accustomed to meet in his native jungles, a cowardly yellow fellow, that had often slunk away from the very prey from which I had driven him, but a real British lion, that, although thin and ragged in the unhealthy climate of

Khartoum, looked as though he was pluck to the backbone."

His description of the aggageers, or elephant hunters, of the Hamran Arabs, who attack all the great game of the country armed with nothing but swords, is too long to be extracted here, and too interesting to be mutilated, so that we can only recommend it to all readers who respect skill and courage. We shall be surprised if they do not catch some of Baker's enthusiasm from the perusal. "This extraordinary hunting," he sums up (p. 174), "is attended with superlative danger, and the hunters frequently fall victims to their intrepidity. . . . As I listened to these fine fellows, who in a modest and unassuming manner recounted their adventures as matters of course, I felt exceedingly small. My whole life had been spent in wild sports from early manhood, and I had imagined I understood as much as most people on the subject: but here were men who, without the aid of the best rifles and deadly projectiles, went straight at their game, and faced the lion in his den with shield and sabre. There is a freemasonry about hunters, and my heart was drawn towards these aggageers. We fraternized on the spot, and I looked forward with intense pleasure to the day when we might become allies in action. I have been rewarded by this alliance in being now able to speak of the deeds of others that far excel my own, and of bearing testimony to the wonderful courage and dexterity of these Nimrods, instead of continually relating anecdotes of dangers in the first person, which cannot be more disagreeable to the reader than to the narrator."

But, after all, we are dwelling on the sporting side of the book until readers will begin to question our opening remarks; so, leaving them to explore its pages for encounters with elephant and buffalo, rhinoceros and crocodile, we will glance at the latest of the Nile explorers in one or two of the other characters in which he appears, and, we are bound to add (whether we agree or not with his

opinions), always as a brave, modest, God-fearing Englishman, and just the sort of national representative we should rejoice to see appearing for our country in all half-civilized or barbarous lands.

First, then, as a naturalist. We are not, indeed, competent to test him scientifically, nor is this book probably a fair specimen of what he could do in this direction. But, for ordinary readers, there is a freshness and keenness about his observations on beasts and birds which almost brings up the treasured memory of one's first perusal of Water-ton's "Wanderings."

In his first book, "The Rifle and Hound in Ceylon," published in 1854, though the work of a very young man bent chiefly upon sport, there are many passages which prove the author to have been even then far removed from the sportsman of the Gordon Cumming school. We might cite particularly his detailed description of the Ceylon elephant, whose physiology and habits he had studied with the eye of a naturalist. In the present volume the same trait occurs in matured form, the natural historian and observer having gained ground on the slayer of beasts. Here, too (pp. 530-536), he gives a detailed description of the African elephant, pointing out the characteristic differences between it and his old friends in Ceylon; and the book teems throughout with striking sketches of animal life. The passage on the order in which birds of prey invariably arrive when large game has been shot, to claim their share, is one of the most graphic in description and convincing in argument which we have met with this many a day. Sir Samuel's belief is, that these birds are directed by sight and not by scent. They soar, he is convinced, at different altitudes, but within sight of each other, so that the downward rush of a buzzard on the spot where prey is stricken acts like a telegraphic signal; not only to all other buzzards, but to the vultures on the next highest plane, and to the giant Marabou stork, Abou Seen, "father of the beak," who is soaring at an enormous height again above them, forming, as he

seems to do, the loftiest of the regular strata of birds of prey soaring in circles, with which the African atmosphere is alive. No one, we think, can doubt that he is right as to these birds of prey, but the theory is no help to us in the face of that marvel which has puzzled most Englishmen with a turn for natural history ever since they were old enough to keep a pigeon, viz. how does a young carrier find his way home when you take him out in a basket ten or twelve miles for the first time, and throw him up in the air? We should like to hear Sir Samuel on this point.

Does not one feel that it would be worth while to start off at once for the Soudan, did the fates permit, on the chance of meeting such a hunting-party as this?—"A number of the common black and white stork were hunting grasshoppers and other insects, and mounted on the back of each stork was a large copper-coloured flycatcher, which perched like a rider on his horse, kept a bright look-out for insects which from its elevated position it could easily discern on the ground. I watched them for some time. Whenever the storks perceived a grasshopper or other winged insect, they chased them on foot; but if they missed their game, the flycatchers darted from their backs and flew after the insects like falcons, catching them in their beaks, and then returning to their steeds to look out for another opportunity." We are not prepared, however, to say that our yearning to watch wild creatures would have made us care to have shared our traveller's quarters at Mr. Petherick's. Here he and Lady Baker slept in the verandah of a court-yard, in which, besides domestic animals, were two leopards (just caught, and on their way to our Zoological Gardens), two wild boars, a hyæna, two ostriches, and a dog-faced baboon, who won Sir S.'s heart by taking an especial fancy to him because he wore a beard like that of Mr. Petherick, the baboon's master. The leopards were constantly breaking their chains, and attacking the dogs and cow; the hyæna

occasionally got loose; "and the wild "boars destroyed their mud wall, and "nearly killed one of my Tokrooris "during the night by carving him like "a scored leg of pork with their tusks." The ostriches seem to have confined their civilities to inviting themselves to meals, and clearing the table just before Sir Samuel and his wife could sit down, which was a needless attention on their part, inasmuch as "one kind of food "was as sweet as another to them: "they attacked a basket of white porcelain beads, and swallowed them in "great numbers in mistake for dhumra, "until they were driven off." The showman who used to travel round with Wombwell's Menagerie in our youth is the only person we have ever met who would have been equal to this particular situation. Curiously enough, Sir Samuel's evidence as to the ostrich's appetite and digestion makes us almost doubt whether there was not some scintilla of truth, after all, in the assertion with which our old acquaintance was in the habit of winding up his tale as to the ostrich's habits, and the difficulty of staying his stomach with any ordinary fare, "So we feeds un wi' broken glass bottles and second-hand sawdust."

The mention of the Tokroori whose leg was scored by the consul's boar, reminds one of another of Sir Samuel's characters. In the last few years he has come forward on several occasions to volunteer his testimony as to the negro race. We need scarcely refer to his former work, the "Albert N'yanza," and to his letters during the Jamaica troubles, in which he went all lengths with the Anthropological Society. In the present volume, again, he loses no opportunity of repeating these convictions. "Central Africa," he sets out by saying in the Preface, "is peopled by a "hopeless race of savages, for whom "there is no hope of civilization." And yet, whenever it comes to facts and not opinions, Sir Samuel's testimony tells the other way. The only negroes we meet with in the book are these Tokrooris, "a tribe of Mahometan negroes, very powerful and courageous," six of

whom he hires for five months to accompany him, in preference to Arabs (p. 274), and Masara, a poor negro slave woman, also hired by him to grind corn, and of whom he speaks in even affectionate terms. "Masara (Sarah) was a "dear old creature, the most willing and "obliging specimen of a good slave," and full, as the following narrative (p. 215) shows, of those "holy feelings of affection" which Sir Samuel allows are still possessed by some slaves. As to the Tokrooris, the account of their country and habits seems to us to lead to the irresistible conclusion that they are far nearer civilization than any Arab race he encountered, and indeed he himself contrasts them favourably with these. "While the Arab may be seen "lazily stretched under the shade of a "tree, the Tokroori will be spinning "cotton, or working at something that "will earn a few piastres." During his march, his own servants employed all their spare time in making sandals, whips, bracelets, and other articles, out of elephant's and buffalo's hide, which they afterwards sold in the bazaar at Gallabat. Their country, though lying on the frontier, or Debatable Land, and so doubly taxed both by Egyptians and Abyssinians, grows cotton and wheat, and "their gardens are kept with extreme neatness." Indeed, Sir Samuel himself allows (p. 512) that, were the Tokroori "assured of protection and "moderate taxation, he would quickly "change the character of those fertile "lands, now uninhabited except by wild "animals," and where, according to his own showing, cotton to clothe the world might be grown with ease. Notwithstanding his protest that the Tokrooris are a bright exception to the negro race generally, we cannot but regard Sir Samuel as a most favourable witness for poor Quashee, and we doubt how Mr. Carlyle or the Anthropological will enjoy this voluntary evidence of their favourite champion.

Besides his other avocations and accomplishments, Sir Samuel practised as a physician and surgeon with no small success amongst the Arabs, setting

broken limbs, and prescribing for all kinds of disease. The unbounded ascendancy which he gained over the intestines of the men was due, we are bound to admit, to Holloway's pills, and his testimony as to their value goes some way towards clearing up a mystery almost as great as that of the Nile sources. The fair sex, however, seem to have troubled him sadly. Many of them, who were barren, insisted on his prescribing for them some medicine which would remove this, the great reproach on Eastern women from the time of Sarah downwards. "It was in vain to deny them. I therefore gave them a small dose of ipecacuanha, with the comforting word to an Arab, 'In-shallah' ('If it shall please God'). At the same time I explained that the medicine was of little value."

Sir Samuel Baker would, no doubt, renounce any claim to be looked upon as a missionary, but even in this capacity he would seem to have worked in his downright common-sense fashion, and in his own pages we have the means of comparing his labours with those of certain regular practitioners. There is a mixture of comedy and pathos in his sketch of the two missionaries—a German, and an English blacksmith—whom he encountered at Gallabat, on their road to King Theodore's capital, bent on the conversion of the Abyssinian Jews. Both of them were ill of fever, of which he cured them. Neither of them could speak a word of any Eastern language, but they had a medicine chest, purchased cheaply from the effects of a defunct doctor at Cairo, full of useful drugs and deadly poisons, in unlabelled bottles, and a large assortment of Bibles in unknown tongues. "Thus," as Sir Samuel comments, "provided with a medicine chest which they did not comprehend, and with a number of Bibles printed in the Tigre language which they did not understand, they were prepared to convert the Jews who could not read. The Bibles were to be distributed as the Word of God, like seed thrown by the way-side; and the medicines were, I trust,

"to be locked up in the chest, as their distribution might have been fatal to the poor Jews." All he could do for them, on finding their faces set like flint in higher matters, was to label their poisons, weigh out doses of their medicines, and to give them wholesome advice as to healthy camping-spots and bad water. And so they went on their way, rejoicing probably that they were found worthy to suffer, and likely enough to add to the already too numerous army of mistaken martyrs. On the other hand, Sir Samuel himself preached to the Arab fakeers, with whom he established relations of the most satisfactory kind, sermons which "rejoiced the good fakeers," and led them to the conclusion that the differences between them and their strange visitor were but slight, and that the root of the matter was common to both. We may refer readers who are curious as to the teaching by which such results were obtained to the discourse delivered at Wat-el-Negur, which they will find at page 267, and which is well worth perusal. Neither Sir Samuel nor the fakeers appear to be sticklers for the letter of the law, as we judge from the testimony of his Arab hunters, whom he interrogated as to their practice of eating freely of wild boar whenever they could procure that dainty. In reply to his question, what their fakeer would say if he were aware of such a breach of the Koran, "Oh," they replied, "we have already asked his permission, as we are often severely pressed for food in the jungles. He says, 'If you have the Koran, in your hand and no pig, you are forbidden to eat pork; but if you have the pig in your hand and no Koran, you had better eat what God has given you.'"

We trust by this time that the most matter-of-fact reader, however bent on the acquisition of useful knowledge, will have come to the conclusion that our author is a humorist, as well as a most instructive and delightful companion in other ways. We commend such persons to extend their studies in this direction by reading the embarrassing interview between Sir Samuel

and the slave-woman Barrakè in the presence of Lady Baker, when it first dawned upon her that her freedom had been purchased; and the discomfiture of the second minstrel who came from the robber-sheik Mek Nimmur, who holds the border land between Upper Egypt and Abyssinia. We must content ourselves here with one more quotation before closing our desultory gleanings in one of the best books of entertaining travel, apart from its more serious interest, which it has been our good fortune to come across in the course of a somewhat extensive reading in this direction. "Africa may have some charms, but it certainly is rather a trying country. In the rainy weather we have the impenetrable high grass, the flies, and the mud: when those entertainments are over and the grass has ripened, every variety of herb and bush is more or less armed with lances, swords, daggers, bayonets, knives, spikes, needles, pins, fish-hooks, hay-forks, harpoons, and every abomination in the shape of points, which render a leather suit indispensable to a sportsman even in this hot climate."

We have no space to dwell on the vivid pictures of Arab and desert life with which the book abounds, or on Sir Samuel's plans for damming the Nile, and so robbing the Mediterranean of the invaluable yearly deposits which are only now silting up the mouth of M. Lesseps' canal, and which might be made the means, he thinks, of extending indefinitely the area of fertility in Lower Egypt. He is convinced that the sand of the desert is to be beaten, and we believe him, and should not be surprised to see a good stroke of the work done in our own day. Neither can we collect for the benefit of future travellers any of the invaluable advice to persons about to explore in the Tropics.

It is somewhere about a quarter of a century ago since the writer's boyish imagination was first excited by the world-old riddle of the Sources of the Nile. Herodotus was by no means an unmixed pleasure in those days, when

penalties of one kind or another attached to the careless rendering of any word of that dear old gossip. But in those charming little episodes, where he wanders into the bye-paths of legend, hedging himself, as he cants out one after another of those ancient *canards*, against the sneers of the Athenian Saturday Reviewer, with his "*ἡμῶν μὲν οὐ πιστόν*," there dwelt a flavour for ingenuous youth which even the shadow of the birch could not spoil. To him, wandering in Egypt to collect the materials for his History, the problem presented itself not more freshly than to ourselves 2,000 years later. "As for the nature of this river," he writes in the Euterpe, "I could not, either from the priests or from others, collect any certain opinion. I did not fail to inquire of them why it was that the Nile, coming down just at the summer solstice, swells during the hundred days, and then having completed that period retires and diminishes its streams, so that it is low throughout the winter, and does not overflow till the summer solstice." No Egyptian could give him any explanation, but "certain Greeks," wishing to seem very wise, "offered him three—viz. the Etesian winds, which blew the stream back, the notion that the Nile flows from the ocean which flows round the whole earth, and the melting of snows," which last Herodotus holds to be "the most plausible, but furthest from the truth," and proceeds to refute triumphantly. What his own opinion was "on this obscure subject," which he then proceeds to avow, though we have perused it often with serious desire to know, we are to this day quite incompetent to say, but there it is in the 24th chapter of the Euterpe for any one to consult who is so disposed. We only remember that the sun managed the business for Lower Egypt somehow, when, after "being driven from his usual course by the tempests during the winter, he reaches the upper parts of Libya." But it was not Herodotus's attempts at explaining the mystery, but the great

problem itself, which seized on one's imagination, and prepared us in later years to read eagerly all books of travel in those parts in hopes of a solution. And now at last the solution has come; the question has been answered, not tentatively, or argumentatively, but beyond all manner of doubt. "The 'mystery of the Nile has been dispelled,'" writes Sir S. Baker; "we 'have proved that the equatorial lakes 'supply the main stream, but that the 'inundations are caused by the sudden 'rush of waters from the torrents of 'Abyssinia in July, August, and September; and that the soil washed 'down by the floods of the Atbara is 'at the present moment silting up the 'mouths of the Nile, and thus slowly 'but steadily forming a delta beneath 'the waters of the Mediterranean." Yes, true enough, Sir Samuel has the right to speak thus. He and his co-peers have dispelled the mystery, one amongst the many which haunted us in leisure hours from our first acquaintance with Herodotus down to Speke and Grant's return; and for the life of us we can scarcely help a feeling of regret notwithstanding all the jubiliations of the Geographical Society. We doubt whether our boys will ever get half the pleasure out of the accurate information as to the Albert and Victoria N'yanza Lakes and the Abyssinian tributaries which we, as boys, sucked out of the idea of the great flood loaded

with plenty, rolling down in kingly volume and majesty from distant tropics, where civilized man had never set foot, through thirsty deserts, and overflowing its banks when it was bound to be at its lowest, laughing at man's puny efforts to understand or control it.

Well, the Nile has no more secrets now to deliver up than the St. Lawrence, and we feel perhaps a little flat in presence of the solution—as if somebody had uncovered the bottom of the sea, and let us look at all the treasures of the mighty deep, to discover after all little more than mud and shells. The generation to which the writer belongs may be pardoned for parting with some twinge of regret from the mystery which has shrouded the great stream of Moses and the Pharaohs since Adam dived and Eve span (if she ever did spin). But as Englishmen they cannot but be proud of those who were boys with them, and in the short intervening years, by endurance and sagacity rarely equalled and never surpassed, have drawn aside for ever the veil which hung over the sources of the Nile. We and our children shall hold the names of Speke, Grant, and Baker in well-earned honour, and shall trust that, while mysteries remain to be solved or hard and dangerous enterprises to be faced in this tough old world, there never shall be wanting men of such true English fibre to carry on the work—*inshallah*, if it shall please God.

AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY.

BY EDWARD DICEY.

On the 14th of last October, two men were hanged in London as murderers. About the guilt of the one there could be no manner of question; the other died protesting his innocence, as he had done from the time when he was arrested; and his last act, when the rope was actually fastened round his neck, was to gasp out that, "as a dying

man, he swore he never did the deed." How far that statement was true or false is never likely to be known in this world. Owing to circumstances connected with my profession as a journalist, I followed the case very attentively, as I have followed many others; and I think I may say that I had unusual opportunities for forming an opinion

concerning it. Yet I can truly state that I have even now no positive belief one way or the other, as to whether this man committed the crime for which he suffered death on the gallows; and, in writing on his story, I have no wish to try and prove that a judicial murder has been committed by the execution of an innocent man. There are two reflections, however, connected with our system of trying capital crimes, the truth of which is more and more impressed upon me by every trial for murder which I have occasion to follow. The first is, that our peculiar mode of conducting such trials tells very cruelly in many instances against innocent men: the second is that, if a man, rightly or wrongly, is once sentenced to death, the execution or non-execution of the sentence depends upon a number of considerations, which have little or no connexion with the mere fact of his guilt or innocence. Believing, as I do, that the course of the proceedings which ended six weeks ago in front of Newgate illustrates the correctness of these views of mine, I wish to call public attention to a very remarkable case which, from a variety of circumstances, never received the notice that was justly due to it.

There is a fashion about murders as about most other things in the world. There might be an appendix written to the famous essay on "Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts," showing the conditions which a murder must fulfil in order to become the talk of the day. But, even after the most careful analysis, the author would be compelled to own that luck was after all the most important element in the problem. Under our present system of administering justice, it is of the utmost importance to any man liable to be sentenced to death, that the crime of which he stands accused should be one of the topics of the day; and I think I may safely say, as a matter of mere calculation, that a man who commits a murder of singular brutality, which attracts attention, has a better chance of escaping capital punishment than the man who commits

a murder of far less atrocity, which passes almost unheeded by the public. Now the case which is the subject of my remarks fell dead, if I may use such a term, almost from the beginning; and in consequence, in order to make the moral of my story intelligible, I must give the main features of the so-called "Limehouse Mystery."

The actors, the *locale*, the scenery of this tragedy of real life were very sordid, and low, and vulgar; and this circumstance contributed to the lack of interest evinced in its development; but the passions which formed the groundwork of the drama were the same as those which have instigated all the most celebrated crimes recorded in romance or poetry. Let me tell the story as briefly and as decorously as I can. About two years ago a couple of young girls drifted up to London in the way so many hundreds and thousands of girls do year by year. Their father had been an artisan in Liverpool, who had left his home in search of employment, and has not been heard of since. Their mother was dead; and, a report having come to Liverpool that Oakes (this was the name of the father) had been seen about the London Docks, apparently doing well, the two girls set off to join him in the great city. They tramped all the way on foot, sleeping night by night at the workhouses along the road; but, on arriving in London, they could find no trace of their missing parent. Oddly enough, perhaps, they did not go on the streets, as might have been expected. Somehow or other they got employment as domestic servants. The eldest of the girls, Agnes Oakes, was engaged as a sort of half maid-of-all-work, half barmaid, in a tavern at Limehouse. While there she made the acquaintance of a lighterman, John Wiggins, who frequented the tavern. He was thirty-five, and she was eighteen; and, to judge from his personal appearance, he was a man singularly unlikely to have inspired a very violent passion in a very young girl. However, the acquaintance became a very close one; and, after some months of what I suppose would be

called keeping company, Wiggins took Agnes Oakes to live with him at his father's house as his mistress. The real character of such relationships is always a hard matter for strangers to determine; and the trial elicited very little with regard to the history of Wiggins or the woman previous to the commission of the alleged murder. The man himself declared that the poor girl had been a woman of loose life before he knew her. Agnes Oakes, on the other hand, was stated by one of the witnesses to have declared that she had been seduced by Wiggins under promise of marriage. In France, and as I deem rightly, the exact state of the relations between these two persons would have been elucidated by all evidence that could possibly be discovered, in order to throw light upon the question on which the whole matter turned—whether she died by her own hand, or by that of her paramour.

Morally, I own, I think too great stress may easily be laid on the question whether Wiggins seduced the girl or not. Nobody can be acquainted with the ethical code of the lower working-classes without being aware that the fact of a woman's living with a man before marriage is not reckoned any heinous disgrace, and that, so long as children are not born, the man is considered free to break off the connexion without incurring any heavy censure from the public opinion of the class to which he belongs. The imputation that Wiggins had seduced the woman under promise of marriage, and then refused to fulfil his promise, told very unfavourably against him in the opinion of the public; and I quite admit that he was a man for whom it was impossible to feel much of sympathy. But the crime for which he was tried and hanged was not heartless seduction, but wilful murder; and yet, illogical as it may appear, if he had been allowed to show on his trial that the woman had no particular claim upon him, beyond the fact that she had lived with him for some time, I believe it would have greatly increased his chance of escaping death on the charge of murder.

As far as could be learnt, Wiggins was a respectable, industrious man enough; and neither the morality of the neighbourhood nor the sensibilities of his parents were outraged by his bringing home a woman to keep house for him who was not his wife. On what terms this semi-attached couple lived together is not very clear, and can only be gathered from the irregular hearsay evidence given at the preliminary investigations. The union, however, was not a happy one. The girl, as the prisoner said to a witness without a suspicion of sarcasm, "did not turn out as well as he expected;" there were quarrels about money; and the man resolved to break off the connexion. The reason he alleged for so doing, that Oakes had raised money on the pawn-ticket of his watch without his knowledge, was probably a mere excuse; but, in the rank of life to which the man belonged, the feeling about such bits and sticks of property as the poor possess is so intense that it is difficult for persons in a higher rank to estimate its force.

Be this as it may, it is certain that, after Wiggins had lived with Oakes at his father's for some six months, he gave her notice to quit. How the woman bore the intimation, whether she used threats of revenge, or whether she in her turn was threatened by the man—all points bearing most closely on the ultimate issue which the jury had to decide—were matters on which no information was adduced at the trial. All we know is, that finally the man and woman agreed to part company on Wednesday, the 24th of last July.

Partings are always painful; and the lighterman acted in very much the same way as if he had held a commission in the Line, and the scene of separation had been in St. John's Wood. He resolved apparently to make the last hours as short as possible. He did not come home till near one on the Wednesday morning: he had to leave for his work by daybreak the same morning; and therefore he was not likely to have much of her reproaches to listen to.

So far the facts I have stated are tolerably certain—they were assumed by the prosecution, and not disputed by the defence. What ensued after Wiggins went home for the last time is not, and never can be, known with any degree of certainty. About five o'clock in the morning an alarm was raised in front of the house where the Wigginses lived, though by whom was not very clearly ascertained. The prisoner at any rate appeared in the street with blood streaming from his throat, and calling for assistance. As soon as a man passing by came up, Wiggins stated that his wife had cut his throat and cut her own, and was dead. To this story he adhered, I should add, without variation, to the last. The police were called in; the man was taken to a hospital, where his wounds were dressed, and found not to be dangerous; and a hasty examination was made of the room where the crime had been committed. The girl Oakes was dead, and about the cause of her death there could be no manner of question, as her throat was cut very nearly from ear to ear. Her head was resting on a pillow, and a chair was placed over her face. The inmates of the house, however, and the neighbours had crowded into the room; and, amidst the excitement which prevailed, very little reliance could be placed one way or the other on the various statements as to the position in which the dead woman was lying when the different witnesses entered the room. A knife was found on the floor, and the carpet was stained with blood-marks. The question at once arose whether the woman had committed suicide, as Wiggins declared, or had been murdered by the man himself; and, from the first, the suspicions of the police pointed to the latter alternative.

It would be unnecessary to go through the various stages of the inquiry which issued on the detection of the crime. As soon as Wiggins had recovered sufficiently from his wounds to attend in Court, he was brought before the coroner, and then, after having been warned not to criminate himself, he made the following statement:—

"I wish to say that on the night I left his house, at a quarter to one, the landlord gave me a pint of beer to take home. He can prove that I was sober. I went home, and knocked at the door. Agnes Oakes opened the door for me. I went in. I sat down, and offered her some of the beer. She would not have any of it. I drank it, and ate some of the kidney. I said I would not go to bed, as I had to go out at a quarter to four the next morning. I lay down on the hearth-rug in front of the fireplace. I placed the jacket under my head. I fell asleep. At a little after three my mother came in and called me. I went downstairs to see what o'clock it was. It was twenty minutes past four when I went downstairs. Agnes told me it was a quarter past. I went to lie down again. Agnes came to my side, and on her knees said, 'Oh, do forgive me!' I said, 'I can't.' I then lay down and went to sleep. I was awake by a tickling in my throat. I put up my hand and caught her; and after a little time I got her hand away. My left thumb was cut, and I got away and went into my father's room. I said, 'Agnes has cut my throat.' I then heard mother say that Agnes had cut her own throat. I then went into the room. I saw Agnes in the corner of the room. The knife was near her. I picked it up. She was sitting up against the wall. The chair was close to her. I took up a pair of drawers and put them to my throat."

Now as against the truth of this story there were several points on which considerable stress was laid, and justly laid. In the first place, there were several indications of a struggle having taken place in the room; in the second, things looked as if the body had been arranged before the alarm was given; in the third place, people living near the spot declared they heard cries of murder coming from Wiggins's house about two in the morning; in the fourth place, the medical evidence went to prove, though not conclusively, that death had ensued some hours before the body was first examined; and, lastly and chiefly, the wound from which the woman had died was such as it was not thought possible a woman could have inflicted with her own hand. The prosecution, therefore, started the theory that Wiggins had cut the woman's throat, and had then cut his own in order to divert suspicion. Which of these two theories is the true one neither I nor anybody else could venture to assert; which even is the most probable one I should be sorry to declare with any

degree of confidence. But I think all who study the evidence dispassionately will come to my conclusion : that there was not sufficient ground to adopt either hypothesis as clearly established. The coroner went into a good deal of irrelevant statement about the tempter who seduced his victim to her ruin ; yet the jury returned an open verdict, declaring that Agnes Oakes died from a wound to her throat, but that who inflicted that wound there was not sufficient evidence to show. This verdict, as I believe, was the only one which could safely and honestly be given ; and, if the jury at the Central Criminal Court had been furnished with the same evidence as that laid before the coroner's jury, the result must, I think, have been the same.

On the coroner's verdict being found, Wiggins was brought before the Thames Police-court on a charge of wilful murder, and was most justly committed to trial, as there was sufficient *prima facie* evidence to demand a rigid investigation of the whole matter. On the 25th of September the trial came on before Mr. Justice Lush. It is natural enough Wiggins's relations should assert, as they do, that he had not a fair trial, and that his case was ill-conducted ; but I doubt whether there is any actual ground for the assertion. Everything, I believe, was conducted strictly according to the rules of our criminal procedure. My complaint is that those rules told very heavily against the due administration of justice. All our criminal procedure seems to me to be based upon the idea that a trial is a game between the prosecutor and the prisoner, in which both sides are handicapped, so as to place them on equal terms. I cannot well conceive a system under which any guilty man has a fairer chance of escaping punishment ; but I know of no system less calculated to elicit the truth, or, in that way, more hard upon an innocent man, whose sole object it must be that the whole truth should be known. The assumption of our courts is that it is of far less importance to bring out the whole facts in any par-

ticular case than to uphold the regulations, which are conceived as calculated, truly or not, to maintain the general equilibrium between the accuser and the accused. For instance, in the present case Wiggins was nervously anxious to tell his own story to the jury, and to explain different circumstances which he saw told against him in the course of the trial ; but on every occasion he was stopped by the Court, because he was defended by counsel. In the same way, if there were any people living who could throw any light upon the true story of the crime, they were Wiggins's father and mother, who had lived in the house with him and the girl, who slept in the next room, and who, if the surmise of the prosecution was true, had probably rendered him assistance in concocting the story which was to enable him to escape the punishment of his crime. If, as the prosecution assumed, the murder had been committed at two o'clock, and had been attended with such struggles and screams as to have attracted the notice of people living some distance away, it was impossible the father and mother, who slept close to the prisoner, should not have been aware of the fact. Yet these two most important witnesses were never summoned on the part either of the prosecution or the defence. The reasons for their not being called were obvious enough. The prosecution knew that their evidence would be intentionally favourable to the prisoner, and that to try and shake by cross-examination the evidence of a father and mother endeavouring to save their son from the gallows would create a prejudice in the minds of the jury. On the other hand, the defence knew that their evidence, if favourable, would have comparatively little weight, from their connexion with the prisoner, and, if any discrepancies could be discovered in it, the effect would be doubly damaging to their client. I do not doubt each side were right in declining to call these witnesses ; but I humbly think they ought to have been called upon in the interest, not of the prisoner or the prosecution, but of the public, whose sole object is that the

truth should be ascertained. As it was, the three people who could possibly have enabled the jury to ascertain the real truth—the prisoner, his father, and his mother—were not allowed to give such evidence as they were willing to produce.

I know it may be said that the evidence of the parents could not have been really favourable to the prisoner, or else they would have been called by his counsel. If his story, however, was substantially true, it followed necessarily that no testimony his parents could adduce could absolutely establish its truth, because, according to that story, they knew nothing about the matter till he woke them up after the woman had tried to cut his throat. And, whether wisely or not, the counsel for the defence had resolved to call no witnesses at all. It would be absurd for me to venture my own opinion on such a matter in opposition to that of a counsel so experienced in criminal trials as Mr. Ribton; and I can easily see there were many strong grounds which weighed in favour of his taking the negative line of defence he ultimately adopted. The story of the prisoner, which would have been cited against him if his counsel had based his defence on any other hypothesis, precluded all possibility of direct and positive corroboration by independent testimony; and yet, failing positive proof, this line of defence was a very dangerous one to adopt. To confirm his client's story, Mr. Ribton would have had to assume that the unhappy young girl had been so maddened by the heartlessness and cruelty of the man who, whether truly or falsely, was supposed to have seduced her, that in desperation she had first attempted to kill him, and then had taken her own life; and, the more he dwelt on this view, the more he was likely to alienate from his client the sympathies of the jury. Moreover, he conceived, as almost all criminal lawyers do, that it was of immense importance to secure the last word in appealing to the jury; and yet, if he had called a single witness as to character, he would have given the

prosecution the right to reply to his address—a right which, according to the rules of the game of law, would have infallibly been exercised. Besides this, the duty of the counsel was not to prove that his client was not guilty of murder, but to secure his complete acquittal. Now it was, to say the least, a tenable supposition that the man had killed the woman, and yet had only committed an act of manslaughter. Supposing that a violent quarrel had arisen between these two, that the woman had attacked the man in her mad fury, and that he, either in self-defence or in a sudden access of passion, had inflicted the wound which caused her death, he would have committed a very grave offence, but he most assuredly would not have committed murder with malice *prepenae*. This was, I fancy, the view ultimately taken by the jury of their own accord; but it was never submitted to them by either side; and the evidence and arguments both for and against the hypothesis were never laid before them. Acting on his judgment, Mr. Ribton determined to rely solely upon the weakness of the case for the Crown. The course is always, I think, a dangerous one, and it proved fatally so in the present instance.

The prosecution laid a distinct and intelligible explanation of the tragedy before the jury. The defence offered no independent version of its own, and contented itself with pointing out, more or less successfully, certain inconsistencies in the statements of the witnesses for the prosecution. These inconsistencies, however, were not greater than might have been expected in the stories of ignorant persons under circumstances of great excitement: and indeed it is quite possible that every one of the witnesses for the Crown spoke what they honestly believed to be the truth, and yet that the prisoner was not guilty of the crime imputed to him. I am told that there were several witnesses forthcoming who could have proved the girl had talked of committing suicide; and the friends of John Wiggins naturally blame Mr. Ribton for not having called

them. But though I hold, in the interest of truth, all witnesses who could throw light upon the affair ought to have been heard in court, yet, as long as justice is conducted on our present principles, I am ready to believe Mr. Ribton exercised a sound discretion in not calling witnesses whose evidence could not have absolutely exculpated the prisoner, and would certainly have increased the prejudice against him.

The man's appearance was not in his favour. There was a hang-dog air about his face, a nervous excitability in his manner, a sort of hungry look in his eyes, which undoubtedly did not inspire confidence, or, I am afraid, sympathy. The counsel obviously felt he had an uphill job in pleading for a man whose defence was that he had driven a young girl under twenty to suicide and attempted murder, and could not make any very successful appeal to the feelings of the jury in behalf of his client. Still the general opinion in court was that the jury could not possibly convict, there was so much room for doubt as to the fact whether a murder had been committed at all; more especially when no possible motive could be assigned, or even suggested, why Wiggins should have wilfully murdered the woman in a way almost certain to insure detection. The judge summed up impartially enough, though somewhat curtly, and after three hours' deliberation the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, recommending the prisoner at the same time most strongly to mercy, on the ground that the crime was not pre-meditated. It is not very difficult to realize the state of mental confusion which led to this singularly unsatisfactory verdict. The jury were sure Wiggins had acted infamously toward the deceased woman; they were by no means sure, as nobody can be, that he had not actually murdered her; and so they brought in a sentence modified in such a form as they thought would insure its not being carried into effect. In fact, they afforded an illustration of that illogical mode of ours of administering justice, of which some eulogists of our

national character are so unaccountably proud. They may have blundered upon the truth; it is equally possible they may have blundered upon an error. Whereas, if the whole circumstances of the case had been laid before them—if the prisoner had been allowed to tell his own story, and all witnesses had been produced in court who could throw light on the affair, no matter whether that light told for or against the accused—they could hardly, I think, have blundered at all.

The great excuse to be made for the jury is the impression under which they laboured, that their recommendation to mercy would certainly be attended with effect. The common feeling was that, in view of the unsatisfactory character of the evidence, the punishment of death would be commuted. Nor was this expectation unreasonable. So many convicted murderers had been reprieved on infinitely slighter grounds, that it seemed hardly possible this man, about whose guilt there was so much of doubt, should be left for execution.

There exists a very prevalent impression in the minds of the public that, whenever a man is condemned to death, and any doubt rests upon the correctness of his sentence, he is sure to have a thorough, though unofficial, investigation made into his case before judgment is allowed to be executed. We are told constantly that the vigilance of the public press will secure every man against being executed without a proper hearing. Every now and then the press can raise such an appeal to public feeling as to secure the reprieve of a condemned prisoner; but the essential condition of all such appeals, if they are to be successful, is that they should be made unfrequently, and only on behalf of criminals whose case is calculated to excite some kind of personal interest. Somehow, neither the press nor the public ever took up, if I may use the word, the case of John Wiggins. The common idea was that he was sure not to be really hanged, and this idea discouraged any great agitation on his behalf. Parliament was not sitting. Few

of the persons who habitually interest themselves in such matters happened to be in town; and, in fact, no great pressure was brought to bear upon the Home Office. Owing to the number of crimes of violence which had occurred throughout the summer, the bias of the authorities, reflecting as they did the tone of public feeling, was indisposed to leniency. Mr. Hardy had been so severely criticised for remitting the capital sentence on Wagner that he was naturally inclined to show that he could be firm when occasion called for firmness; and also, I must fairly add, that unless he was prepared to rescind the verdict as unjust, he could hardly show cause for modifying the punishment attaching to Wiggins's crime. If Wiggins was guilty of murder at all, he was guilty of a most brutal and deliberate murder; and the Home Secretary would probably plead that, as the jury which had heard the evidence had found the man guilty, and as the presiding judge had expressed his approval of the verdict, it was not for him to reverse the solemn decision of a competent tribunal. Moreover, I may assume without any lack of charity that an accidental circumstance had its weight with the Home Office. At the very time that Wiggins's case was before the public, a Frenchman, Louis Bordier, lay under sentence of death for having committed identically the same crime. About Bordier's case there was no manner of doubt. He never attempted to conceal his having murdered the woman with whom he lived; and there was no adequate reason to question his sanity. Yet there was a good deal about Bordier's case to excite sympathy. It was clear that money and a perverted passion had driven him to his crime, about which there was just that tinge of morbid romance so entirely wanting in the case of Wiggins. Very powerful interest was exerted on behalf of the French criminal; yet the Government felt, as I think justly, that, while murder was punished with death by our laws, Bordier's case was not one for the exercise of mercy. I cannot but think that this consideration turned the tide

against Wiggins. It was decided, at any rate, that the same justice should be dealt out to both criminals, and the same day was appointed for their execution.

Throughout the period which intervened between his sentence and his death, Wiggins never wavered in the assertion of his innocence. The story which he told to the policeman who took him to the hospital he repeated to the last hour of his life. The assurance that the last appeal for mercy on his behalf had been dismissed never affected his persistent declaration of his innocence. After he had been actually pinioned, he asked leave to say a few words, and spoke thus:—"What I wish to say is this, that I am an entirely innocent man of the charge for which I am here, and for what the law says I have done. I can assure you on my dying oath that I never did it. I can say that with a clear conscience and a clear heart to the Almighty, my Maker. It was her who cut my throat and then cut her own. On my dying oath that is true. I am dying innocent." This declaration he repeated when the halter was actually round his neck. On the evening before execution he wrote the following letter of farewell to his parents:—

"GAOL OF NEWGATE,
"14th day of October, 1867.

"MY DEAR FATHER, MOTHER, BROTHERS, AND SISTERS,—I write these few lines to you, with my kindest and affectionate love to you all. Give my love to Maria and Fanny and all the children, Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, Mr. Groves and his wife. Give my kindest love to Anna and her husband, and my kindest love to my cousin William Few and his wife Hannah, and his son and daughter. I am very well in health, thanks to the Almighty for His goodness and mercy towards us all.

"My dear mother, I hope you are better when you receive this letter than I heard you were on Saturday. I never wished you good-bye when you left me last Thursday; but I write now to wish you good-bye till we meet again, and that will be in the next world, where we shall be believed. They won't believe us in this world. My dear father and mother, I hope you will put your trust and confidence in the Almighty. I don't think He will see you want. I hope and trust He will give you both health and strength to live, that you may see it come home to our enemies

which you know have so falsely sworn my poor dear life away. And that I am to go out of this world for a thing I never done, which you know quite well, and that is what grieves me to my poor dear heart and soul, that they shall say just what they liked, and all to be believed. My dear father and mother, I hope and trust that we shall all meet together in the next world, and then we shall be believed. They won't believe us in this. But thanks be to the Almighty God that I shall go out of this world an innocent man, and that is a great blessing for us all and our relatives and friends. I am to go out of this world to satisfy other people, but my poor death lays at their doors, and I hope and hope they won't rest before they all own it, — and — especially. So good-bye, and God bless you all.

"I remain,

"Your affectionate and loving Son,

"JOHN WIGGINS.

"Thousands of kisses to you all, and as many times.

"Monday evening, October the 14th, 1867.
Good-bye all, many times."

Now it is of course possible these persistent disavowals of his guilt may have been simply due to a mad hope that even at the very last his life might be spared if he refused to confess. You must take these denials for what they are worth, remembering that such firmness in adhering to one lie throughout, supposing the statement to have been a lie, is almost unexampled in the annals of crime.

Since Wiggins's death, his parents have made repeated efforts to obtain some re-investigation of the case. They declare that they have witnesses who can prove that Agnes Oakes expressed to them her intention of committing suicide; and though this evidence, if reliable, could not have disproved the charge of murder, it would go far to increase the probability that Wiggins really told the truth about himself. Dr. Forbes Winslow, too, has come forward to state that a woman might easily inflict such a wound on herself as the prosecution assumed could only have been inflicted by another's hand; and, if this truth could be established, it would very nearly upset the theory on which Wiggins was found guilty.

The mystery, however, is never likely to be satisfactorily solved. No future inquiry can ever elicit the absolute truth one way or the other. Thanks to the anomalies of our criminal system, a man has been convicted of a murder which it is quite possible he never committed; and, thanks to the absence of any court of criminal-appeal, a man has been hanged who, for aught that can ever be proved, may have been absolutely innocent.

EARLY SUMMER.

A HYMN.

LORD of the Hours! at this fair time
That crowns Thy summer's genial prime,
For flower and fruit and waving plain
We bless Thy liberal hand again.

For still we hunger—still must care
For this mortality we wear;
Yet not alone the gift of food
Demands a serious gratitude.

Was not the Outward framed by Thee
(Stooping to our infirmity),
As in a grosser mould t' express
The fashion of the Holiest Place?

Oh! ne'er let Reason's fond disdain
Account Thy gift of beauty vain;
Nor the bright season past us stream
All unennobled, like a dream.

The deep-leaved woods our sight may bless
With a green glimpse of perfectness;
The cloudless west—blue, violet, gold—
A sinless harmony unfold.

In broom and hyacinth and rose
The shadow of Thy vesture glows:
And swelling rind and corn-sheath riven
Foreshow the nobler fruits of heaven.

Yea, far sea-wave or forest-bird,
That laugh unseen, and sing unheard,
Give semblance of th' instinctive love,
Th' illimitable joy above.

Yet, lest Thy gift an idol be,
O may Thy Spirit ours make free,
Still calling toward th' eternal sphere
By eye not seen, not heard by ear.

Nor let us gaze the seasons through,
Careless Thy graver tasks to do;
Sky, field, and wave, be only sweet
As work and contemplation meet.

Thy human plants with summer sway
So ripen toward th' ingathering-day!
Then, Death's transforming winter o'er,
To new, nor mortal, growth restore.

C. M.

ARTHURIAN SCOTLAND.

BY J. S. STUART GLENNIE, M.A. F.S.A. ETC.

"Sopra la Scozia ultimamente sorse,
Dove la Selva Caledonia appare."

Gran cose in essa già fece Tristano,
Lancilotto, Galasso, Artù, e Galvano;

Restano ancor di più d'una lor prova
Li monumenti e li trofei pomposi."

ARIOSTO, *Orl. Fur.* c. iv.

In his essay on "Merlin the Enchanter
and Merlin the Bard," Mr. Nash thus
writes:—

"Certain it is that there are two Celtic—
we may perhaps say two Cymric—localities in
which the legends of Arthur and Merlin have
been deeply implanted, and to this day remain
living traditions cherished by the peasantry of
these two countries, and that neither of these
is Wales, or Britain west of the Severn. It
is in Brittany, and in the old Cumbrian king-
dom south of the Firth of Forth, that the
legends of Arthur and Merlin have taken root
and flourished. . . . The original locality of the
traditions which have furnished the ground-
work of the world-renowned Arthurian ro-
mances is probably the Cumbrian region taken

in its widest extent,—from the Firths of Forth and Clyde southward and westward along the borders of the Northumbrian kingdom, in which the famous exploits of the British Cymric struggle with the Northumbrian Angles became the theme of a native minstrelsy, transplanted into Brittany by the refugees from the Saxon Conquest, and moulded into the romances with which we have been made acquainted by the Norman Trouvères."

And so, Professor Pearson, though he makes the historical Arthur sovereign of a territory in the south-west of England, of which Camelot or Cadbury, in Somersetshire, was the capital, maintains that "History only knows him as the petty prince of a Devonian principality, whose wife, the Guinevere of romance, was carried off by Maelgoum of North Wales, and scarcely recovered by 'treaty after a year's fighting,' asks:—

"Now, assuming Arthur's history to become first extensively popular in the twelfth century, who are most likely to take it up and identify it with localities in their own neighbourhood, the Saxons or Saxonized settlers in Devon, or the Welsh and Picts of Galloway? Surely the latter. Which history can best be interpolated with strange facts, the history of the conquered and civilized western countries, or that of districts which long maintained their barbarous independence? Again, the latter."

It was with such views as these,—not then, however, published,—that I, very many years ago now, turned from the consideration of the Arthurian topography of Wales and Brittany to the investigation of that of Scotland; and I propose in this paper to give the result of my researches and journeyings, with the view of bringing together, with all possible completeness, the Scottish localities with Arthurian names, or Arthurian traditions attached to them. I shall then, first, give a general description of what I would call Arthurian Scotland, and of its relation to the chief district of Fingalian tradition. Secondly, I shall ask my readers to accompany me in a journey through this Arthurian land, in which I shall endeavour to point out every Arthurian locality as yet known to me, or identified by myself or others. Thirdly, I shall briefly attempt to show the complete-

ness and unity of these localities with respect to the various divisions of the Arthurian tale. And I shall, in conclusion, offer a few remarks on the subject generally. But before closing these introductory observations, I would have it distinctly understood that I have here nothing whatever to do with the historical, and concern myself only with the traditional, Arthur. Should it, however, turn out that Mr. Pearson is right in contending for Arthur's historical reality, and in affirming that, as an historical personage, he belonged to the south-west of England, it will be an interesting result for the philosophic historian of myth and tradition, if it should be found that, as I would maintain, the true country of the traditional Arthur—the country, that is, richest in Arthurian localities,—is, not that of his historical existence, but Southern Scotland and the English Border.

Leaving, however, the final decision of such questions to fuller research into Celtic philology and history, I would now proceed, first, to give a general description of Arthurian Scotland, and its relation to the Fingalian country. And the first remark I would make under this head is, that the Scottish district of Arthurian localities corresponds, with very singular accuracy, with two out of the four great geological divisions of the country. The two first of these are the Highlands, east and west of the Glenmore-nan-Albin, the Great Glen of Albion, through which is cut the Caledonian Canal. These northern Highlands are separated from the rest of the country by the great line of the Grampians, running from south-west to north-east, from Loch Long, in Argyleshire, to Girdleness, the southern promontory of the Bay of Aberdeen. Its central towers are Ben Muich Dhui (4,300 ft.), and the surrounding Cairngorm Mountains, all averaging upwards of 4,000 feet. And Ben Nevis (4,400 feet) is an isolated outpost, separated from the main line by the Muir of Rannoch, and defending the rear at the south-west end. It is chiefly, if not exclusively, on or beyond this line,

prolonged to the Mull of Cantyre, that we find the localities of Fingalian tradition.

The two other geological divisions of Scotland are the Midland Valley (valley, however, only in a geological sense), and the Southern Uplands; the latter separated from the former by a line curiously parallel with that just indicated, running, like it, from south-west to north-east, from Girvan in Ayrshire to Dunbar in Haddingtonshire. It is these two southern divisions that form, with the adjoining English Border, what I would designate as Arthurian Scotland. For throughout the whole of this district, and up to, but—as far as I remember, and save as hereafter noted—not beyond the line of the Grampians, are to be found localities in rich abundance with Arthurian names or Arthurian traditions attached to them.

The general scenery of these two great northern and southern divisions of the kingdom is strikingly dissimilar; yet, in this difference, there is an interesting similarity to the contrasted characteristics of the different but allied cycles of Celtic tradition and romance, Fingalian and Arthurian, of which these northern and southern districts respectively are the seats. Beyond the line of the Grampians, "a sea of mountains" rolls away to Cape Wrath in wave "after wave of gneiss, schist, quartz-rock, granite, and other crystalline masses." And the Fingalian Legends seem full of the sentiment that the rocks and caverns resounding with the Atlantic waves; that the deep glens and the dark mountain-lochs; that the fleeing and pursuing shadows of the clouds on the rainbow-arched mountain-sides; and that, above all, the intermingling, in the forests, of the feminine grace and tenderness of the birch with the stately grandeur of the pine,—the intermingling of the bright and joyous music of the glinting, heather-purple sunbeams with the sterner, wilder voices of the storm-swept hills,—would appear well fitted to excite in an imaginative and noble race.

Very different is the scenery of the

southern division, with the broad belt of lower old red sandstone at the base of the Grampians, the igneous rocks and carboniferous strata of the Midland Valley, and the hard greywacke, shale, and limestone bands of the Silurian Uplands. Broad firths, Tay, Forth, and Clyde; wide fertile plains, such as that of Strathmore between the Grampians and the low seaward range of the Ochils and the Sidlaws, and abrupt, isolated crags and hills, form the chief physical features of the former district: while the latter presents us with many-fountained, green-rolling, pastoral hills, breaking down into river-lighted dales, famous in story and in song. To these succeed the very similar hills, vales, and forest-lands of the English Border. Such, generally described, is the scenery of Arthurian Scotland. And in its more cultivated and more peopled, attractive rather than awe-inspiring character, it contrasts no less strongly with Scotland beyond the Grampians than do the elaborate and worldly Arthurian romances, that find in it the fit localities of their incidents, with the primitive Fingalian traditions, recalled by the names of so many a mountain, cave, and glen in the northern and wilder region.

With this general view of the district we are to traverse, we should now proceed on our proposed journey through Arthurian Scotland. But a few words may first be necessary in defence of the annexation, by this general name, of a considerable district of England over what is now the Border. Note then, that, if part of the region which, from its traditional localities, I propose to distinguish as Arthurian Scotland, be now England, by far the greater part of it is still Scotland. Further, those English counties of Cumberland and Northumberland, part of which I would include under this general name, were not only within the southern limits of the ancient Caledonia, not yet contracted to, or which had re-expanded beyond, the unconquered mountainous country north of the Firths of Forth and Clyde, to which the Romans gave this name;

not only was the Cumbrian Forest of Inglewood reckoned as but a wood of the vast Caledonian Forest, the haunt of Merlin; and not only was the present county of Cumberland included as but a district of that southern Scotland anciently called Strathclyde; but it was not till long after the Norman Conquest that these northern counties were annexed to England, and regularly incorporated with the English monarchy; while down to a comparatively late period they were within the frequent jurisdiction of the Scottish kings, whose eldest sons bore the title of Princes of Cumberland.

Let us now begin our circuit of Arthurian Scotland. And for the sake of the impressiveness of contrast, let us come down on it from the Braes of Mar, at the foot of Ben Muich Dhui, the central dome of that mountain-range of the Grampians that, marking the main geological division of the country, may be said generally to separate Arthurian from Fingalian Scotland. For north of this line we have only to note that (1) Orkney, and perhaps also (2) Caithness, are referred to in the romances as the birth-countries of Arthurian knights. It is but one long day's walk from Braemar, through Glen Cluny, Glen Beg, and Glen Shee, to Alyth; or, but for the shut-up deer-forest, we might cross from the head of Glen Calater, down through Glen Isla. And here we find ourselves at once in the region of Arthurian story. For innumerable legends agree in representing (3) Barry Hill (Barra, fortified hill), in the parish of Alyth, in Perthshire, as the residence or prison of—as the legends make her out—the infamous Vanora, or Guinevere, “who appears in the local traditions under the more homely name of Queen Wander, and is generally described as a malignant giant-ess.” For the king her husband had lost the day in a great battle with the Picts and Scots, and she was made prisoner and taken to the castle on Barry Hill. This, however, she found by no means so unpleasant as she ought to have done. “Vanora,” says tradi-

tion, “held an unlawful intercourse with Mordred, the Pictish king; and “Arthur, when he received her again, “enraged at her infidelity, caused her “to be torn to pieces by wild horses.” Her tomb, (4) “Ganore’s Grave,” we have next to visit. It lies but a few miles off, near (5) Arthurston. For “she was “buried at Meigle, and a monument “erected to perpetuate her infamy.” And on examining the curious sculptured stones in Meigle churchyard, said to be the remains of this monument, we do actually find “two representations of “wild beasts tearing a human body, “and one where the body seems tied “or close to chariot wheels, which may “relate to Vanora, or may have given “rise to the tradition.” But the scene of her last resting-place, when I visited it, seemed suggestive of some less rude, some nobler version of her story. It was the close of autumn. Along the broad valley of Strathmore, ending northwards in the Howe of the Mearns, and sheltered from the sea by the Sidlaw Hills, with their many legends of Duncan, Macbeth, and Banquo, the farmyards were closely stacked with the ingathered corn; the leaves, whirled by gentle breezes, were falling through the sunny air; and beneath the lofty range of the snow-capped Grampians, along the whole strath, lay the dying year in the beauty of an ineffable repose.

From Meigle we may proceed by rail to Stirling. And here, under the battlemented rocks of the castle, and adjoining the King’s Park, we find a singular flat-surfaced mound within a series of inclosing embankments, which is called the (6) King’s Knot, and would appear to be of very great antiquity. For in a sport called “Knights of the Round Table,” the institutions of King Arthur were here of old commemorated. And also in Stirlingshire and in the vale of the Forth, and not far from where are now the Carron Ironworks, is, or rather was, what should seem to have been a Roman structure, though testifying to the currency in this district of Arthurian tradition in its vulgar name of (7) Arthur’s O’on (Oven).

Proceeding towards Edinburgh, we have (8) Arthur's Lee. (9) The Bass in the Firth of Forth enters into our list as the Bassas of the sixth battle of the Arthur of Nennius.¹ And the little river (10) Duglas, which formed the southern boundary of Lothian, seems to be the river, as Nennius says, "by the Britons called Duglas, in the region 'Linuis,' where Arthur's second, third, fourth, and fifth battles were fought. Overlooking the capital, we have the famous (11) Arthur's Seat. (12) Edinburgh itself may be enumerated among Scottish Arthurian localities, if rightly identified with Cat Bregon, where, according to Nennius, Arthur fought his eleventh great battle against the Saxons. And its (13) Castle is, without doubt, the Pictish Castel Mynedh Agnedh, the *Castrum Puellarum* of the Charters, and the Dolorous Valley and Castle of Maidens of the Romances. For instance, Sir Galahad, "as he prayed, "heard a voice that said thus: 'Go now, "thou adventurous knight, unto the "Castle of Maidens, and there do thou "away with all the wicked customs."

By rail again, down Gala Water, we come on another group of Arthurian localities. For "six miles to the west "of that heretofore noble and eminent "monastery of Meilros," is (14) "Wedale, in English Wodale, in Latin "*Vallis Doloris*." Here, at Stowe, was (15) the church of St. Mary's, where were once "preserved in great veneration the "fragments of that image of the Holy "Virgin, Mother of God," which Arthur, on his return from Jerusalem, "bore upon his shoulders, and through "the power of our Lord Jesus Christ "and the holy Mary, put the Saxons "to flight, and pursued them the whole "day with great slaughter." And Melrose itself is situated at the foot of those famous three-summited (16) Eildons, which, with their various

weirdly appurtenants—the Windmill of Kippielaw, the Lucken Hare, and the Eildon Tree—mark the domed and vast subterranean halls in which all the Arthurian chivalry await, in an enchanted sleep, the bugle-blast of the adventurer, who will call them at length to a new life. Then across the winding (17) Tweed, which must also be included in our list, wandering up the Leader Water, and passing the Cowdenknowes of pastoral song, we come to (18) the Rhymer's Tower, on a beautiful haugh, or meadow, by the waterside. Here, in his castle of Ercildoune, of which these are the ruins, lived Thomas the Rhymer, whom so many traditions connect with Arthurian romance, in representing him as the unwilling and too quickly vanishing guide of those adventurous spirits who have entered the mysterious halls beneath the Eildons, and attempted to achieve the re-awakening of Arthur and his knights, but only to be cast forth amid the thunders of the fateful words:—

"Woe to the coward that ever he was born,
Who did not draw the sword before he blew
the horn."

From Melrose we again set out, and journey, it may unfortunately be at railway speed, down the Tweed, past an almost endless number of places famous in story, to (19) Berwick. And, though now fallen into comparative decay and insignificance, crowning, as it does, the northern heights at the mouth of the Tweed, looking eastward on the sea, that dashes up to high, caverned cliffs, and commanding westward the vale of the beautiful river, here flowing between steep braes, shadowy with trees, or bright with corn and pasture, Berwick, but for the dulness now within its walls, seems still almost as worthy of being called Joyeuse Garde, as, both from its real and romance history of siege, conquest, and reconquest, it is of being remembered as Dolorous Garde.

From its still-preserved ramparts I observed, away to the south, a great pyramid-like mass by the sea; and on asking what this was, I was told it was

¹ This, however, and the following identifications of the places mentioned by Nennius as the localities of the battles fought by the chief he calls Arthur, I am only prepared to maintain as being generally correct; that is, as being somewhere in Arthurian Scotland.

(20) Bamborough Castle. "Ah," said I to myself, "the *Château Orgueilleux*." So I went by train to the Belford station, and thence it is but some five miles to the little model village under the castle rock. And whatever may, on other grounds, be said of the expenditure of the funds vested for certain charitable purposes in the trustees to whom this ancient castle, with its valuable estates, now belongs, an Arthurian antiquary can hardly but be grateful to them for enabling him to enter what might easily be imagined one of the very castles of which he has been reading. Occupying the whole extent of a solitary eminence, it stands among sandy downs close by the sea, and overlooking a wide plain at the foot of the Cheviots. Nearly opposite the castle are the Farne Islands; and journeying five or six miles over the sands when the tide is out, and a mile by boat, one reaches Lindisfarne. Having visited the abbey of the holy island of St. Cuthbert,—like Iona, whence the saintly Aidan came here as a missionary, a primitive seat of Christianity, and where, as I thought, there ought to have been a tradition of its having been the retreat of Sir Lancelot after the discovery of his treason, and his final separation from the queen,—I regained the mainland and Beal station in a slow, jolting cart, chased by the too swiftly incoming tide, but amusing myself thinking of the still worse jolting Sir Lancelot underwent, and the ludicrous disgrace brought upon him by his accepting the offer of the dwarf to guide him to the captive Guinevere, would the knight but leave his disabled horse and get into "*la charette*," the filthy cart of the dwarf.

We turn now westward, and just noting that here, in the northern part of Northumberland, is the (21) river Glein, identified with the Gleni, at the mouth of which, according to Nennius again, took place "the first battle in which Arthur was engaged," we get on to Hexham; and from that picturesquely situated old town, with its Moot Hall and Abbey Church on a wooded ridge overhanging the Tyne, we proceed either

to the Haydon Bridge, or the Bardon Mill station of the Carlisle and Newcastle Railway.

For, six or eight miles to the north of these stations, and in the neighbourhood of Housesteads, the most complete of the stations on the Roman Wall, is a little group of Arthurian localities. The scenery here is very remarkable. The green but unwooded grazing hills, wide and wild-looking from their want of inclosures and the infrequency of farmhouses, seem like the vast billows of a north-sweeping tide. Along one of these wave-lines runs the Roman Wall, with the stations of its garrison. In a trough, as it were, of this mighty sea, and to the north of the wall, were, till a few years ago removed and ploughed over, the ruins of the ancient (22) Castle of Sewing Shields, the name to which *Seuch-shiel* (the shieling or hut by the fosse) has been corrupted. Beneath it, as under the Eildon, Arthur and all his court are said to lie in an enchanted sleep. And here, also, tradition avers, that the passage to these subterranean halls having, once on a time, been found, but the wrong choice having been made in the attempt to achieve the adventure, and call the chivalry of the Table Rounde to life again, the unfortunate adventurer was cast forth with these ominous words ringing in his ears:—

"O woe betide that evil day

On which this luckless wight was born,
Who drew the sword, the garter cut,
But never blew the bugle-horn;"

the very opposite mistake, it will be observed, of which the equally luckless Eildon adventurer was guilty.

The northern face of these successive billows, if I may so call them, present here fine precipitous crags,—whinstone and sandstone strata cropping out. These are called respectively Sewing Shields Crags, (23) the King's, and (24) the Queen's Crags. Along the crest of the first of these the Roman Wall is carried. The others take their name from having been the scene of a little domestic quarrel, or tiff, between King Arthur and Queen Guinevere. To settle

the matter, the king, sitting on a rock called (25) Arthur's Chair, threw at the queen an immense boulder, which, falling somewhat short of its aim, is still to be seen on this side of the Queen's Crag. On the horizon of the immense sheepfarm of Sewing Shields, and beyond an outlying shepherd's hut, very appropriately named Coldknuckles, is a great stone called (26) Cumming's Cross, to which there is attached another rude Arthurian tradition. For here, they say that King Arthur's sons attacked and murdered a northern chieftain who had been visiting their father at what Sir Walter Scott seems to refer to, in "Harold the Dauntless," as the Castle of Seven Shields, and who was going home with too substantial proofs, as they thought, of the king's generosity. And about a mile along the Wall from Sewing Shields is a gate called (27) the King's Wicket, which would seem to refer to Arthur again.

Having reached these localities from the Haydon Bridge station, we may find it convenient, as certainly for the sake of variety it will be pleasanter, to come down again on the railway at the Bardon Mill station. Thence we proceed to (28) Carlisle, *Caer-luel*, the *Cardueil* of romance, even still more famous than the hardly yet identified Camelot, as the favourite residence of King Arthur. And with reason. For beautifully does the castle-and-cathedral-crowned eminence, swept round by the Eden, the Peteril, and the Caldew, rise from the wide plain that stretches from the Border Hills down to and along the Solway Firth. But a visit to the populous modern manufacturing quarter, in the evening, when the hands are loose (how meaningful is the phrase!), may profitably disturb antiquarian memories and romantic associations.

From Carlisle our Arthurian pilgrimage takes us southward again through the (29) Inglewood Forest of romance. Within its circuit are (30) Plumpton Park, (31) Hutton Hall, and (32) Hatton Castle, which Sir Frederick Madden identifies with places of similar names in the romances of Sir Gawayne. And from

the Southwaite station, I had a walk of something more than two miles, through a beautifully wooded lane, its waysides luxuriant with wild flowers, to the village of Upper Hesket. At the "White Ox" I had the good fortune to encounter an intelligent old man, who, taking me to the back of the farmyard, pointed out, down in the hollow, what I was in search of, the famous (33) Tarn Waethelyne of ballad and romance. But Tarn Wadling, as it has been called in later times, has been for the last ten years a wide meadow grazed by hundreds of sheep. Of the draining of it, the old man, the innkeeper as it turned out, who had come from Yorkshire, but been here for the last fifty years, had a great deal to say; among the rest, what fun it was to see the swine that belonged to a cottager at the far end of the tarn, get tired of the dead carp that were cast on the land, and wade in to fish for the "quick uns." But of the story of the Grim Baron whom King Arthur chanced to meet here, whose

"—strokes were nothing sweet,"

and who refused all other ransom than that the king should, within a year and a day, bring him word "what thing it is that women most desire;" and of the Foul Ladye who gave, at length, for the courteous Sir Gawayne's sake, the true answer, and who, on her marriage, was so transformed that

"The queen sayd, and her ladyes alle,
She is the fayrest nowe in this halle;"

of how

"This ferly byfelle fulle sothely to fayne
In Iggilwode Foreste at the Tarn-wathe-
layne;"—

of all this, neither my old friend nor his dame had ever heard till I told them the tale. And all he knew about King Arthur was, that—

"When as King Arthur ruled this land
He ruled it like a swine;
He bought three pecks of barleymeal
To make a pudding fine.

"His pudding it was noddan well,
And stuffed right full of plums;
And lumps of suet he put in
As big as my two thumbs:"—

a tradition of the rule of the "Flos Regum" hitherto, I believe, unnoticed.

Crossing the south end of the tarn, or rather meadow, and passing through a fir wood, I ascended Blaze Fell, and from the quarry on its summit had a fine view over the undulating, mountain-bounded, and still finely-wooded ancient Forest of Inglewood. Below me was the tarn; to the west of it, the ridge of Upper Heskett; to the east, an eminence with the site, though no more the ruins, of the (34) Castle Hewin of romance, the stronghold of the Grim Baron. And behind this eminence the Eden flows past still another locality which recalls his fame, and with it, the legend of the marriage of Sir Gawayne—(35) Baronwood.

Returning to the Southwaite station, we proceed next to (36) Penrith, also, as it should seem, to be included in our Arthurian list. Thence, crossing the narrow but picturesque old bridge of the Eamont, which, flowing from Ulleswater, here separates the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland, we find, closely adjoining the fine Celtic monument of Mayborough, another such set of circular embankments round a flat-surfaced central mound, as we found, but on a larger scale, under the battlements of Stirling Castle. But what was there called the King's Knot is here named (37) Arthur's Round Table. And connected with a cave in the demesne of (38) Brougham Castle in this neighbourhood, we still find a tradition of a giant killed by the most famous knight of the Table Rounde, Sir Lancelot du Lac.

Here we have come to the southern limit of what I venture to designate Arthurian Scotland. And now, turning northwards, I determined, if possible, to verify Sir F. Madden's conjecture, that the Grene Chapel spoken of in the Scottish romance of "Syr Gawayne and the Grene Knight" (by "Huchowne of the Awle Ryale"?) is the same with the (39) "Chapel of the Grune," which in the "older maps of Cumberland is marked as 'existing on the point of land on the 'western coast running into the estuary 'of the Wampool, not far from Skin-

"burness." So, returning to Carlisle, I went down to Silloth, which seems to be getting a favourite sea-bathing and health-recruiting place. Thence I wandered up the Solway beach to the extreme point of Skinburness. And this much at least, by way of verification of Sir F. Madden's conjecture, I may say, that there is near this a beautifully embayed shore, covered with the brightest green down to the very water's edge, from which, if indeed the site of the Grene Chapel, it might well have taken its name; and further, that (40) Wolsty, or Vulstey Castle, so long associated with the necromantic fame of the wizard Michael Scott, and which once stood in the fair wide plain which rises gradually to the foot of Skiddaw, might, from its site with reference to this bright green shore, the seaward border of the plain, well be that in which Sir Gawayne took up his abode, and which is stated to have been but two miles distant from the Chapel, the object of his quest. Away, too, from here, and over the sea, is the (41) Castle of the King of Man—

"He lett him see a castle faire,
Such a one he never saw yare,
Noe where in noe countrie.
The Turke said to Syr Gawaine,
'Yonder dwells the King of Man,
A heathen soldan is hee."

A wretch of whom we are further told that he

"angered more at the spirituality,
In England nor at the temporality,
They goe so in their array.
And I purpose in full great ire,
To brenn their clergy in a fire
And punish them to my pay."

A shower falling with the turn of the tide, I took shelter in a little cottage, where I found a pretty young woman with her firstborn in her arms. Crowing, instead of crying at sight of the stranger, I remarked what a fine big boy he was; and his proud mother, turning her face modestly a little away, replied: "And yet they say a fore-son is ordinarily sma'." Looking from the cottage-door, she pointed out to me

where, on the opposite shore of the gleaming water, Annan might just be distinguished, and where, up the estuary of the Nith, lay Dumfries; and I was delighted with the beautiful lake-like Firth, the charm of which, I imagined, must be mainly owing to the variety of its coast-outlines, and the undefined, mysterious recesses of its bays and estuaries; though there were also, indeed, the fine distant forms of the Scottish and English mountains, and the lights and shades of a bright though beclouded summer's day.

Returning once more to Carlisle, it occurred to me that (42) Arthuret, which Hutchinson supposes to be a corruption of Arthur's Head, might rather have been originally Ardderyd, the scene of that final battle, "*in campo inter Lidel et Carvanolow situato*," the terrible mutual slaughter of which drove Merlin mad. Leaving, therefore, by train, for Longdown, but twenty minutes distant, I walked to the mound by Arthuret Church, some two miles off. And standing there looking west, and thinking of where behind me must lie (43) the Liddel and (44) Carvanolow, I could not doubt the correctness of my conjecture. A grander battle-plain could hardly be imagined, could the enemy be manoeuvred to attack one in a position of which that eminence should be the centre. In the distance, behind and around, low hills, except where they rise to a greater height on the Scottish border; in front the Esk, flowing across the plain to fall into the Solway Firth, after having been joined by the Line; and bounding the plain, the sea, into which, should the enemy have been unsuccessful in their attack, the victors, fording the river, might drive them in irreparable rout.

But some three months after this identification of Arthuret with Ardderyd, and after this paper had been written, though in a somewhat less expanded form, and offered for publication, I found that Mr. Skene had not only also made this discovery, but had already communicated it to the Society of the Antiquaries of Scotland, though

his paper was not yet published. It was something of a disappointment to be anticipated, but much more of a pleasure to be confirmed in my views by so learned an antiquary. To Mr. Skene's essay, therefore, I must refer those who may be further interested in the matter, and I shall here only add that, notwithstanding the apparent connexion of the name with Arthur, Arthuret is placed in this list of Arthurian localities merely because of the presence of the historical Merlin at this great battle between Paganism and Christianity—between Gwenddolow (whose name survives in Carwhinelow, Carvanolow, Caerwenddolew, the city of Gwenddolew) on the one side and Rydderch on the other.

Past great farms, or rather agricultural manufactories, with their steam-engines and chimney-stalks, I wandered over the old battle-plain down to and by a primitive wooden bridge mounted on stilts, across the Line. Then getting on the turnpike road to Glasgow, I crossed the Esk by an iron bridge, and, a mile or so on the south side of the Border, I turned towards the sea, but some five minutes distant now. The scene I beheld as I went down to the tide, "*washing among the reeds*," struck me as of a weird and magical beauty. Behind, in the middle of the great plain, was still clearly visible the mound of Arthuret; before me, in the far distance, to the right was the Scottish Criffel, and to the left the English Skiddaw; between these, in the sheen of the setting sun, and stretching away amid points of land to the west, so that, whether it was landlocked as a lake, or boundless as a sea, one could not tell, was (45) the Solway. "*Here*," I thought, "*well may one feign that here, even at such a sunset hour as this, after the last fatal battle, on the plain above, Excalibur was thrown into the sea; that here it was caught by the fairy hand, and borne aloft, symbol of the hope and ultimate triumph of the genius of the Celtic races; and there, in the infinite Beyond, is Avalon.*"

We find our next group of Scottish

Arthurian localities in what are now the counties of Kirkcudbright, Wigton, Ayr, Renfrew, and Dumbarton; for in this district, or closely adjoining it, we shall find the various ancient territories

"Of (46) Kunynge, of (47) Carryke, of (48) Conynghame, of (49) Kyle,
! Of (50) Lomonde, of (51) Lenay, of (52) Lowthayne hillis."

Here also we shall probably be able to identify

"Alle the landes and the lythes, from (53) Lowyke to (54) Layre,
(55) The Lebynge, (56) the Lewpynge, (57) the Leveastre Ile,"

and others which, though undoubtedly in Scotland, are, through the misspelling probably of English copyists of the MSS., still unidentified by the Scottish antiquaries, to whom Sir F. Madden, nearly thirty years ago now, recommended the task. But the chief Arthurian interest of this district is in the greater part of it being within the limits of the ancient (58) Galloway, the patrimony of Sir Gawayne, son of Lot, King of (59) Lothian, and hence the probable birthland of so many knights, of whom the only description is but such as this: "Al they were of Scot-land, outhur of Sir Gawayne's kyne, "outhur well-willers to his bretheren."

From the Broughton station of the railway that connects Peebles with the western main line through England and Scotland, I set out on foot for Merlin's Grave at (60) Drummelzier. Crossing to the south bank of the Tweed, and reaching the ancient parish church and kirktown, or hamlet, by the Pansayl (i.e. Willow) Burn, I was fortunate in making the acquaintance of the intelligent shoemaker of the place. From his account, there seemed to be some doubt as to which of two localities here had the best traditional right to be called the grave of Merlin. That now certainly the most picturesque, and maintained by the late Dr. Somerville, the minister of the parish, to be the true site of the tomb, is by an ancient thorn-tree, of which there is now a younger thriving offshoot (fair augury of a renewal

of Merlin's fame) by the burnside, a little above its junction with the Tweed, and at the foot of the moraine on which stand the kirk and manse. But it seems that, at the corner of what is now a corn-field, there used to be a cairn called Merlin's Grave; and though the Pansayl does not at present meet the Tweed at this spot, yet it did so for a time, in consequence of a great spaet or overflow of the river, when the Scottish James VI. became King of England; and so the prophecy was fulfilled that

"When Tweed and Pansayl meet at Merlin's Grave,
Scotland and England one king shall have."

For me, not only the weight of authority, but the perennial thorn-tree decides the matter. But whichever be the better tradition as to the place where Viviana, that he might be with her henceforth for evermore, imprisoned Merlin in an invisible tomb, the surrounding scenery is still the same. And the here narrow valley of the Tweed, with its inclosing hills, though by no means, in its present disafforested state, of an impressive beauty or grandeur, cannot be looked on with indifference by any one who knows how, as M. de la Villemarqué writes:—

"La plus ancienne tradition romanesque a fait agr. Merlin, comment elle a personnifié, et idéalisé en lui le dévouement passionné à tout ce que la grande époque chevaleresque jugeait digne de son respect, je veux dire la religion, la patrie, la royauté, l'amour, l'amour pur, discret, délicat, la solitude à deux éternellement enchantée."

And well may the French *savant*, in his history of the bard, his works, and influence, refuse to follow him,—

"A travers les fantaisies des continuateurs et des imitateurs de son noble panégyriste, Robert de Borron. L'esprit grivois et goguenard y remplace progressivement l'esprit moral et grave passé, de la tradition bretonne dans l'œuvre française primitive. Le sentiment est chassé trop souvent par la rire; ce qui est élevé, par ce qui est plat; le sérieux par l'amusant. A la fin Merlin sera plus ou moins moulé sur le type scholastique et vulgaire du savant devenu fou d'orgueil, du sage Salomon que séduisent les femmes étrangères, du poète Lucrèce que la perdue Lucile empoisonne, du

vieillard de la comédie, victime de sa sottise passion. Et la verve de Rabelais pas plus que l'art de Tennyson ne parviendront complètement à vaincre la pitié qu'inspirera cette figure ombrante."

In the legends and romances of Merlin mention is ever made of a fountain by which he used to meet his love, and around which he caused to spring up the enchanted Garden of Joy. Of no well or fountain, however, could I hear, either with the name or a tradition of Merlin attached to it. But as we know that it was in the forests of Tweeddale that the Caledonian Merlin wandered, constantly escaping from the conventional falsities and restraints of the court, I could not leave this fair region without visiting that land of fountains and springs of water, that central mountain-district of the south of Scotland, where at no great distance apart are the sources of the eastward-flowing Tweed, the westward-running Clyde, and the southward-falling Annan. And having wandered about here for several days, I thought at last that I might, perhaps, best identify the (61) Sources of the Clyde with the fountain of the Caledonian Merlin, from the description of it in the Scottish (?) "*Vita Merlini*" of the thirteenth century:—

"Fons erat in summo cujusdam vertice montis,
Undique precinctus corulis densisque fructibus.
Illic Merlinus conseraderat; inde per omnes
Spectabat silvas, cursusque jocosque ferarum."

And if the Garden of Joy were to be sought in the Caledonian Forest rather than in the Bois de Broceliand, it might well, I thought, be imagined to have been bounded by the Tweed on the north; the Clyde and Annan on the west; Moffat Water, the Loch of the Lowes, St. Mary's Loch, and Yarrow Water on the south; and Ettrick Water on the east. For the scenery here is, I think, the most beautiful and varied in all Tweeddale; and has from of old inspired many a poet's song. Over the steep green sides of the pastoral dales, sweep the swift shadows of the clouds. Fountains and streams abound. Of the many waterfalls, one, some 200 feet high,

is perhaps the finest in Scotland. Deep ravines there are, too, and shadowy mountain nooks. And all the Garden wants—for it still has its flowers—are the trees which once overhung what, with them, might be its fairy lakes. Here, then, we may feign that Viviana listened to the choral songs that the Enchanter caused to arise around them, disregarding in her delight the ominous refrain:—

"L'amour arrive en chantant,
Et s'en retourne en pleurant."

But if there is no fountain bearing the name of Merlin in his ancient forest, there is more than one dedicated to that St. Kentigern or St. Mungo who, according to the monastic legend, converted the heathen bard, the Merlin whom M. de la Villemarqué distinguishes as *personnage réel*, from the mythological, legendary, poetical, and romanesque Merlins. Of these wells or fountains, (62 and 63) one is near Peebles; another, better known perhaps, in the crypt of the Cathedral of Glasgow; of which city St. Mungo was, it is said, the founder, about A.D. 560.

And now, approaching the south-west end of the Grampian chain, we near the northern frontier of Arthurian Scotland, and the end of our circuit. We have, indeed, but two more localities to note; and the first of these is (64) Dumbarton, the traditional birthplace of Mordred. It was towards sunset that I climbed the castle rock, where the sword of Wallace is still preserved, and beheld a scene of rarely equalled beauty: broad river, wealthy plains, and grand mountains; the long extent of Ben Lomond, clear and well defined; and all suffused with the red sunset-glow that augured a fair morrow for ascending the rugged peak of (65) Ben Arthur.

But the verification of the theory here advanced as to the chief country of Arthurian tradition is by no means to be found merely in what would, from the above, appear to be the fact that the number of localities with Arthurian

names or traditions attached to them exceed, in the district I have indicated, the number of such localities in any other district of similar extent. And I would now draw attention to the completeness and unity of these several localities in reference to the incidents of Arthurian romance, as a further and very important verification of this theory as to the country in which the Arthurian traditions have their chief "local habitation."

To see, however, the unity and completeness of those traditional localities, we must first have reduced to some order the Arthurian legends and romantic tales themselves. They will be found, I think, very distinctly divisible into six classes. As either the first, or last class of these legends, we may consider those which relate to the enchanted sleep and resurrection of the Arthurian chivalry. Then we have the five classes of adventures to which, borrowing the title of the lost work of the early Scottish poet, "Huchowne of the Awle Ryale," we may give the general name of "The Great Geste of Arthur." The first class of these,—including the various stories of the forest life of Merlin and the young Arthur; the loves of both master and pupil; the grand political *dénouement* of the election of Arthur as king; his marriage; the victory of the national cause, of which he is the representative; and the establishment of the Table Round,—we may conveniently distinguish under the title of "The Romance of the Forest; or, the Adventures of Arthur." Then we find in these legends and tales a great number of scenes, incidents, and characters which are of all the various kinds into which German writers on aesthetics have classified *Das Komische*, the Comic. Of this part of the "Great Geste," at once the most prominent and heroic character is, at least in the earlier romances, that noble Don Giovanni, the gay Knight of Galloway, the courteous Sir Gawayne; and its most important incidents are those which bring "the awntyres of Arthure at the Tern Wathelyne" to a happy conclusion in the marriage of Sir

Gawayne, and the retransformation of the Foul Ladye and the Grim Baron. This class, therefore, of Arthurian stories may be generalized and distinguished as the "Comedy of the Table Round; or, the Marriage of Sir Gawayne." Next in order may come that great class of adventures connected with "thachyeuung of the Sanc Greal," and contained in those romances which form a variously-told epic, in which the chivalrous and religious spirit of the Crusades had its most popular cotemporary poetic expression. This third part of the stories of the "Great Geste of Arthur" may, then, be distinguished as the "History of the Quest of the Holy Grail; or, the Wars of Sir Perceval." For he is ever the chief of the knights who achieve the Quest. And under this class may be also conveniently included those earlier legends of the foreign victories of Arthur of which the adventures of the Quest afterwards took the place, and which, as Professor Pearson says, "seem traceable to the conquests of the Emperor Maximus, who, himself of British descent, raised his standard in Britain in A.D. 382, and by the defeat and death of Gratian was left undisputed master of Britain, Gaul, Spain, and Italy, the western half of the Roman Empire." Then, as the fourth part of the "Great Geste," we have the tragic stories of the discovery of the long unfaithfulness of the wife and of the friend, and the news of the treason of the bastard son; the death of the noble and beloved Sir Gawayne, the wound given him by Sir Lancelot, fatally re-opened in the first battle against the revolted Mordred; the still more tragic scene of the love-worn end of Merlin, and of the prophecies from his mystic Tomb; the last parting, and soon thereafter the deaths of Guinevere and of

"The truest lover of a synfull man that ever loved woman; the kyndest man that ever stroke with sword; the goodlyest persone that ever came among prees of knyghtes; the mekest man and the gentylest that ever ete in halle amonge ladyes; and the sternest knyghte to his mortall foo that ever put spere in the reyst;"

and, finally, the terrible mutual slaughter of the battle by the Western Sea, "with the dolorous deth and departing out of this worlde of them al." But not thus ends this wondrous cycle of romance. Succeeding those which may be distinguished as belonging to "The Tragedy of the Morte d'Arthur; or, the Revolt of Mordred," we find a class of tales which give to the contemplation of the varied tragic story of the "Great Geste" a high artistic repose and satisfaction. Such are the tales of the sore-wounded Arthur being borne away over the waves by the Ladies of Avalon to their blessed Island in the West. And this class may be generally designated "The Vision of Avalon; or, the Departing into Light."

Now what I would here point out is, that for the legends and romantic tales of all these six different classes are not only to be found local habitations in Arthurian Scotland, but that these Scottish localities are all in the most natural relation to each other; in just such relation, indeed, as, had the "Great Geste" of Arthur been actually played out in Arthurian Scotland, instead of being merely a cycle of fictitious adventures, the localities of its incidents would most probably have borne to each other.

For observe, first, that of all the places with traditions of the enchanted sleep of Arthur and his knights attached to them, there seem to be none that can, either in scenic or traditional importance, vie with those Eildon Hills which form the fit centre of Arthurian Scotland. As the appropriate and romantic scene of the first part of the "Great Geste," we have the Caledonian Forest, with its Merlin-haunted fountains; Dumbarton, the birthplace of Mordred, —the spot, therefore, where we first get hold of that thread which forms the clue by which we may be guided to see the dramatic unity of the vast labyrinth of these tales; and Cardueil, or Carlisle, where the kinged and victorious Arthur establishes his Table Rounde. Then, as the fit scene of the Comedy, we have Joyeuse Garde, the Castle of Seven

Shields, Inglewood Forest, Castle Hewin, the Tarn Wabethelyne, the Green Chapel, and the other Cumbrian localities above-noted. The scenes of the Quest of the Holy Grail, as of the continental conquests of Arthur, forming the third part of the "Great Geste," are, of course, beyond the limits of Arthurian Scotland, as well as of Arthurian Brittany, or Arthurian Wales. For where these scenes are not laid in a wholly unidentifiable region corresponding to their supernatural character, they are generally in the sacred East, where is "the citie of Criste oure the salt flude." But with the fourth part of the "Great Geste" we may again return to Scotland, and find fit traditional localities for the tragic incidents of the Morte d'Arthur in the Châtel Orgueilleux; Joyeuse Garde become again Dolorous Garde; Wedale, or the Vale of Woe; the Tomb, and perennial Thorn of Merlin, where the Stream of Willows joins the Tweed in the midst of his beloved Caledonian Forest; the solitary northern Grave of Guinevere; and the sunset battle-plain of Ardderyd. Finally, over the Solway, as the Great Western Lake adjoining the last fatal battle-field, may fitly rise for us the magic scenes of the Vision of Avalon.

I would now, in conclusion, make one or two general remarks on the theory above set forth. And first, it seems important to observe that, even if the evidence adduced in the two foregoing sections should not be sufficiently convincing at once to gain general assent to considering Scotland as the chief country of Arthurian tradition; yet it will hardly be disputed that in Scotland alone are to be found localities appertaining to *both* the great, and as I hope to show, allied cycles of Celtic poesy, the Fingalian and Arthurian. Like the shells that distinguish different but allied strata, are these localities to the two great formations of Celtic tradition.

One principal reason of this I take to be that these two cycles form the distinctive poesies of the two great divisions of the Celtic race, the Gaelic

and Cymric ; and that in Scotland alone the two great families of the Gael and the Cymri have come first into antagonism, and then into peaceful union.

Remark further, how curiously it would, from the above theory, appear that the vast secular changes of geology are connected with and determine such phenomena of a day as human antiquities. Through millions of years worked the slow forces of which the outcome were the present geological divisions of Scotland ; and these, at length, determined the respective seats of two families of a race of men, and the relations of the localities of their distinctive traditions.

And yet another concluding remark I may, perhaps, be permitted. It is not merely to the antiquarian, I venture to think, that this bringing together of Arthurian localities, and hence fixing the chief country of Arthurian tradition, may be of interest. For the new conceptions of the world, and of human history and destiny, that Science is forcing upon us, require a New Poesy for their synthetic expression : a New

Poesy, to show that life, so far from being stripped by the discoveries of Science of all that makes it, to the nobler sort, worth having, is, on the contrary, by the progress of scientific knowledge, invested with a new beauty, a more tragic grandeur, and inspired with a deeper sense of the envioning Infinite. New conceptions require new forms for their poetic expression. And as the Italian literature of the Renaissance was a mine of poetic forms for our earlier poets ; or as, to take a more appropriate example, the old Greek legends, made an *Iliad* and an *Odyssey* of by Homer, furnished the poets of the great age of Greece with the forms of their immortal dramas ; so the old Celtic legends, as they have been prepared for us by the poetic romancers of the Middle Ages, will, I think, be found to present the most varied and easily adaptable material for the poets who will dare unreservedly to accept Science.

It is thus, as offering classic localities for a New Poesy, that I would seek to interest others than antiquaries only in Arthurian Scotland.